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EDMUND DRACON, HENRY PETERSON, BETTORS AND PROPERFYORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

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THE

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For particulars, see second page. MY PEACE.*

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY PLORBNCE PERCY.

Here in this haunted corner, where First falls the light of each new morrow A sculptured face, of beauty rare, Immutable, and still, and fair. Pillowed apon its billowy bair.

I go and come ;-I wake and sleep ; I weep and laugh—exult and languish— But still the lashes downward sweep— And though the closed eyes do not weep. The lips, with painful pressure, keep Their silent anguish.

And as in evening solitude I smile or sigh, as musing moves me, This type of constant womanhood. This eloquent, pale similitude Of suffering, shames my changing mood-

My sorrows seem but small and brief,-Soon softened into vague regretting I find a balm in every leaf-Build ships on every wreck-strewn reef-Then blush before this marble Grief, Still unforgetting

In time, all other loves grow old-All other hearts some solace borrow-The velvet leaves of spring unfold-The antumn beards the grain with gold-But my pale Peace, yet unconsoled. Still keeps her sorrow '

The face herein referred to, is an exquisite barelief of "The Drowned Girl," in "The Bridge of Sighs' -one of Akers' earlier productions.

THE ALLEN HOUSE:

TWENTY YEARS AGO, AND NOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Penn-

CHAPTER I.

The rain had poured in torrents all day, and ow, for the third time since morning, I came home, wet, uncomfortable and weary. I half dreaded to look at the siste, lest some urgent call should stare me in the face.

"It must indeed be a case of life and death,

that takes me out again to-night," said I, as my good wife met me in the entry, and with ight hands, made active by love, assisted in the removal of my great coat and comforter.
"Now come into the sitting-room," she said,

"your slippers are on the rug, and your dressing-gown warmed and waiting. Tea is ready, and will be on the table by the time you feel a little comfortable. What a dreadful day it has

"Dreadful for those who have been compelled to face the storm," I remarked, as I drew off my boots, and proceeded to take advantage of all the pleasant arrangements my thoughtful wife had ready for my solace and de light.

It was on my lip to inquire if any one had called since I went out, but the ringing of the tea-bell sent my thought in a new direction; when, with my second self leaning on an arm, and my little Aggy holding tightly by my hand, I moved on to the dining-room, all the disagreeable things of the day forgotten.

"Has any one been here?" I asked, as I handed my cup for a third repienishing. Pressional habit was too strong—the query

would intrude itself.

Mrs. Wallingford called to see you." "Ah! Is anybody sick !"

I believe so-but she evaded my inquiry. and said that she wished to speak a word with

the Doctor.' "She don't want me to call over to-night, I hope. Did she leave any word?"

thought."

'No other call?"

lo-day has fever, and lies in a kind of stu-

speaking to myself.

"You might let it go over until morning,"

"A call in time may save life here, Contance," I made answer; the sense of duty beat like a hammer, as one vague suggestion mance, that sober-minded people generally rewing stronger as inner and outer man felt. after another floated through my mind. Then thing-even a baby's life."

saw the tears spring instantly to the eyes of

that in the weakness of love and care for you, a precious thing !"

Now was I doubly strengthened for the night. There arose at this instant a wild the present. storm-wail, that shricked for a brief time amid the chimpies, and around the caves of our dwelling, and then went moaning away, sadly, dying at last in the far distance. The rain beat heavily against the windows. But I did neglect of duty. "I must see Mary Jones's as on the evening before; but less expressive baby, and that to-night." I said this to myself, resolutely, by way of answer to the intimidating storm.

Mrs. Jones was a widow, and poor. She

little sitting-room, "it may be as well for me may be gained for the patient." "I will tell Joseph to bring around the

horse," said his wife.

flesh." Constance smiled entreatingly, as she lose his senses." laid her hand upon my shoulder. "Let Tom "Have you no

be harnessed up; it won't hurt him." "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," I made answer. "If horse-flesh is cheaper than man-flesh, like most cheap articles, it is less enduring. Tom must rest, if his master

"The decision is final, I suppose."

"I must say yes."
"I hardly think your great coat is dry yet,"

said my wife. "I had it hung before the kitchen fire. Let me see." "You must wait for ten or fifteen minutes

longer," she remarked, on returning from the kitchen. "One sleeve was completely wetted through, and I have turned it in order to get the lining dry."

I sat down and took Agnes on my lap, and was just getting into a pleasant talk with her, when the door-bell rung. A shadow fell across my wife's face.

"People are thoughtless of Doctors," she the worst weather and the most untimely seasons to send for them.

I did not answer, but listened as the boy went to the door. Some one was admitted, and shown into the office,

"Mrs. Wallingford."

"Good-evening, Mrs. Wallingford," said I.

night for a lady to come out. I hope no one is seriously ill." "I wish you would come over and see our would open his mind to you."

Henry, Doctor !"

pale and distressed. What's the matter !" I inquired.

"I can't say what it is, Doctor, Something's

wrong, I'm afraid-yes, I'm afraid he's going Wallingford. And she wrung her hands together with a better do.

her usual quiet exterior.

looking as white as a sheet. I almost screamed out when I saw the strange, suffering exwith an expression of inquiry. But, I was not the West Indies, told the following story. pression on his colorless face. My first thought ready to speak in regard to Mrs. Wallingford, and English vessel from Jamaisa, richty was that he had fallen somewhere, and been and, perceiving this at a glance, she kept freighted, had on board a merchant with his hurt dreadfully. He tried to pass me without silence on that subject. stopping, but I put both hands on him, and said--'Oh, Henry! what does ail you ?" his door it was fastened on the inside. I called reach my destination, I had to pass the old was scuttled and sent down into the far depth said- Mother. I'm not sick; but I feel bad, enclosure, surrounded by stately elms a cen- cor and wan't to be alone. Please don't disturb tury old, which spread their great arms above But one living soul was spared so the story

stance," I made answer; the sense of duty beat like a hammer, as one vague suggestion growing stronger as inner and outer man felt after another floated through my mind. Then the renovating effects of a good suppor, and the brightness and warmth of my pleasant home. "And life, you know, is a precious to and fro. I listened, waiting for the sound to cease; but he walked on and on, backwards calm, sweet face of our latest born, as she lay tramp, tramp, until it seemed as if every jarthat in the weakness of love and care for you, no longer, and went and called to him. But dear husband, I should draw you aside from he seemed deaf, and made no reply. I rattled duty. Yes-yes! The life of a baby is indeed at the lock and called again and again. Then he came close to the door, and said, speaking And bending over the cradle, she left a kiss a little impatiently for him-'Mother! Mother! on the lips, and a tear on the pure brow of our For Heaven's sake don't trouble me! I don't feel just right, and you must let me alone for

"Well, he kept on walking for an hour longer, and then everything was still in his room for the night. This morning on trying his door it was unfastened. I went in. He was lying in bed wide awake. But, oh! such not waver, nor seek for reasons to warrant a a change as I saw in his face. It was colorless settled upon it. I took his hand; it was cold. I pressed his forehead; it was cold also. 'Henry, my son, how are you?' I asked. He Mrs. Jones was a widow, and poor.

lived full a quarter of a mile away. So in deciding to make the visit that night, I hardly cold, steady gaze that chilled me. 'Are you sick, my son?' He merely shook his head 'Yes suything happened?' What has ciding to make the visit that mgm, I have think a very strong element of self-interest sick, my son? He merely shook his heavy sick is it "As there is no prospect of an abatement in but it was of no use. He would not satisfy the storm," said I, after returning to our cosy me. I then asked if he would not rise. 'Not yet,' he said. 'Shall I bring you some breakso far as I am concerned, and precious time his head and shut his eyes, while there came

"And it has been no better with him all the ner of one in whom all quick emotion had day, Doctor," added Mrs. Wallingford, hea-"Horse-flesh is not so precious as man- I'm afraid if something isn't done that he will babe, the young mother was passionate at times

this strange condition of mind?" I asked.
"None," she replied. "Henry is a reserved
young man, you know, Doctor; and keeps many things hidden in his mind even from me that should be outspoken.

"Has he no love affair on hand !"

"I think not." "Hasn't he been paying attention to Squire Floyd's daughter !

" Yes. " "I believe not, Doctor."

"I've seen him at the Squire's." "Nothing serious or I should have known

of it. Henry is rather shy about the girls. "And you wish me to see him to-night !"

"Yes. Something ought to be done. "What is his condition just now?" I in-nired. "How did you leave him?"

"He's been in bed nearly all day, and hasn't touched a mouthful. To all my persuasions emarked, a little fretfully, "and often choose and entreaties he answers- Please, mother, let me alone. I will be better after awhile.

"I think," said I, after musing on the case, that, may be, the let-alone prescription will be the best one for the present. He is prosad shown into the office.

"Who is it?" I inquired, as Joseph came to seems clear; and time must be given for the as you desire, it might annoy or irritate him,

on entering my office. "This is a very bad demurred strongly to my conclusion.

advisable, I will drop in at your house."

'No into my face; but I passed out quickly into

dulity.

The spacious old twe-story mansion, with its high-pitched roof and rows of dormer windows, was built by the father of Captain Allen, And I turned a meaning glance upon the and forwards, backwards and forwards, tramp, who had also followed the ses, and it was said, obtained his large wealth through means not sleeping in her cradle. That was enough. I ring footfall was on my heart. Oh, Doctor, I sanctioned by laws human or divine. Men never had anything to affect me so before in my whole life. An hour passed, and still be fore contemporaries, did not hewitate to design the fore contemporaries and the fore contemporaries and the fore contemporaries are not a second to the fore contemporaries and the fore contemporaries are not a second to the fore contemporaries are not contemporaries. opprobrious words were spoken in an under tone, for people were half afraid of the dark, reserved, evil-looking man, who had evidently passed a large portion of his life among scene of peril and violence. There were more pleas ing traditions of the beautiful wife he brought home to grace the luxurious dwelling he had fitted up in a style of almost princely splendor compared with the plain abode of even the best off people in town. Who she was, or from whence she came, no one knew cer-tainly. She was very young—almost a child when the elder Captain Allen brought her to

Very little intercourse, I believe, passed be tween the Allen family and the town's-people, except in a business way. The first regular entry made into the house beyond the formal drawing room, was on the occasion of a birth, when the best nurse and gossip in town was summoned to attend the young mistress. A son was born. He was called John; though not under the sign of Christian baptism-John Allen ; afterwards Captain Allen. The old sea-dog, his father, was absent at the time; but returned before the infant was four weeks old. The nurse described the meeting of hus to see the baby at once. The visit will be over, fast " 'No-no-I cannot cat.' And he shook band and wife as very lover-like and tender, on his part, but with scarcely a sign of feeling into his face a look so sad and suffering that as I gazed on him I could not keep the tears back. him; but received his caresses with the man done enough for one day, and shall not be ving a long sigh. "Oh, I am distressed to taken out again." he thoughtful and assiduous, and she cold, death about it. Won't you come and see him? in her loving demonstrations. The pent up "Have you no conjecture as to the cause of waters of feeling gave way in this direction, and poured themselves out, often, in a rushing flood. Towards all others, she bore herself with a calm, sweet dignity of manner, that captivated the heart, and made it sigh for a better acquaintance with one around whom mystery had hung a veil that no hand but her own could push aside and that hand was

never lifted. The next event in the Allen House, noted by the people, was the birth of a daughter. The same nurse was called in, who remained the usual time, and then retired, bearing with her a history of the period, which she related, very confidentially, at tea-tables, and in familiar gossip with choice spirits of her own. Those who knew her best, were always something in doubt as to which of her stories contained truth and which romance. The latter element, mingled largely, it is presumed, in all

A great change had taken place in the Captain's manner. He no longer played the lover to a cold and distant mistress, but carried himself haughtily at times—captiously times-and always with an air of indifference. All affection seemed transferred to his boy, who was growing self-willed, passeems clear; and time must be given for the mind to regain its equipoise. If I were to call, never repressed by his father, but rather encouraged and strengthened. On learning that My wife and I exchanged glances. She look- and so do more harm than good. No medi- his next heir was a daughter, he expressed pain. ing grave and curious; but no remark was cine that I can give is at all likely to reach his impatience, and muttered something about its

might suggest something. Or, may be, he change, also. Much of the old sweetness had left her mouth, which was calmer and graver. "I wish you would come over and see our cours, or so that the cours, Doctor?"

"There was a choking tremer in her voice; has sent for me to see her baby to-night. I fore, was of the same quiet, distant character, and, as I looked in her face, I saw that it was was just about starting when you called. On but more strongly marked. It was plain that some memory or experience. my way back, if, on reflection, it seems to me she had no love for him. The great mystery was, how two so wholly unlike in all internal fetired to order a cup of tea for his guest. "Call at any rate, Doctor," urged Mrs. qualities, and external seeming, sould ever Something about the Englishman had stimula-Wallingford. "Even if you don't see Henry, you may be able to advise me as to what I had man and wife. She was, evidently, an En. the cup of tea by his wife, who did most of the marked the stranger, and in a voice that show glish woman. This was seen in her rich comervous uneasiness in singular contrast with I gave my promise, and the troubled mother plexion, sweet blue eyes, fair hair, and quiet went back through storm and darkness to her dignity of manner. Among the many probable after the tea had been put before him. home. By this time my overcoat was the and improbable rumors as to her first meeting "Well, Doctor, he came home last evening roughly dried. As Constance brought it forth with Captain Alien, this one had currency. A tation

family, returning from a residence of a few As I opened the front door, the storm swept years on the island, to the mother country.

They had been out only a day, when a pirate thing of any account, 'he answered, in a low, the night, and shielding myself with an um. bore down upon them, and made an easy caphusky tone-'I don't feel right well, and am brella, as best I could, best to the rushing ture of the ship. The usual bloody scenes of dex some clear impression of his character. going to my room to lie down.' And saying wind, and took my solitary way in the direct that day followed. Death, in terrible forms, this, he brushed right past me, and went up tion of Mrs. Jones's humble dwelling, which met the passengers and crew, and the vessel, stairs. I followed after him, but when I tried lay quite upon the outskirts of our town. To after being robbed of its coefficient treasures. No. She looked troubled in her mind, I three times before he answered, and then he Allen House, which stood within a high stone of the ocean, from whence no sign could ever this delicious beverage has acted like a charmed

'Yes. Mary Jones sent word that some- me to-night.' I don't think I would have and around the decaying mansion, as if to ward went. An only child of the English merchant, thing was the matter with the baby. It cried known the voice if it hain't been just then off the encroachments of time. As I came op- a fair and beautiful young girl, whose years way from the table at which he was sitting, nearly all last night, her little boy said, and and there. Knowing his disposition, anxious posite the gate opening upon the carriage way, had compassed only the early spring-time of life, and there are pleasant look upon the landlord. and troubled as I was, I felt that it would be I stopped suddenly in surprise, for light flung herself upon her kness before the pirate best for the time-being to let him alone. And streamed out from both windows of the north- Captain and begged so piteously for life, that Adams? The question seemed indifferently "That case must be seen to," I remarked, I did so. For an hour or more all in his room west chamber, which I knew had been closed he spared her from the general slaughter he acked, but the landlerd's car did not fail to was as still as death, and I began to grow very ever since the death of Captain Allen, who had himself decreed. Something in her pure, perceive in the tone in which it was given, a uneasy. Then I heard his feet upon the floor passed to his account several years before. exquisitely beautiful face, touched his comsuggested my wife. "At any rate, I would let them send again before going. The shild may be better by this time."

This Allen House was one of the notable passion. There were nurmurs of discontent to places in our town; and the stories in circulation to the mantlepiece, and then to the window. All tion touching the Allen family, now almost willed Captain had his way, and when he agine."

sailed back with his booty to their place of rendervous, he bure with him the beautiful maiden. Here, it was said, he gave her h able protection, and had her cared for as tenderly as was possible under the circumstances. And it was further related, that, when the maiden grew to ripe wemanhood, he abandoned the trade of a buccancer and made her his wife. The sailor told this story, shrugged his shoulders, looked knowing and mysterious, and left his auditors to draw what inference they pleased. As they had been talking of Captain Allen, the listeners made their own conclusions as to his identity with the buccaneer. True to human nature, in its inclination to believe always the worst of a man, nine out of ten credited the story a applied to the cut-throat looking captain, and so, after this, it was no unusual thi him designated by the not very flattering sobriquet, of the "old pirate."

Later events, still more inexplicable in their character, and yet unexplained, gave color to this story, and invested it with the elements of probability. As related, the old gossip's nd intrusion upon the Allens, in the city of nurse, furnished the town's-people with a few additional facts, as to the state of things inside of a dwelling, upon whose very walls seemed written mystery. In the beginning. Mrs. Ailen had made a few acquaintances, who were charmed with her character, as far as she let berself be known. Visits were made and returned for a short season. But after the birth of her first child, she went abroad but rarely, and ceasing to return all visits, social urse came to an end. The old nurse insisted that this was not her fault, but wholly chargeable upon the Captain, who, she was certain, had forbidden his wife to have any thing to do with the town's people.

CHAPTER II

One day, nearly two years after the birth of this second child, the quiet town of 8was aroused from its dreams by a strange and startling event. About a week before, a handsomely dressed man, with the air of a foreigner. alighted from the stage coach at the "White Swan," and asked if he could have a room. A traveller of such apparent distinction, was a tare event in S——. And as he suggested else, besides, if we the probable stay of a week or so, he became pretend to know." an object of immediate attention, as well as curiosity.

Night had closed in when he arrived, and as he was fatigued by his journey in the old lum- say, that he got his money, in a backhanded bering stage-coach that ran between the nearest sea-port town and 5----, he did not show himself again that evening to the curious people who were to be found idling about the White Swan." But he had a talk with the landlord. That functionary waited upon him to know his pleasure as to supper.

"The ride has given me a headache," the stranger said, "which a cup of tea will probably remove. Beyond that, I will take nothing tain Allen " suggested the stranger.

to-night. Your name is

"Adams, sir. Adams is my name, replied reckon there's no man in 8 bold enough the landlord. "And mine is Willoughby-Col. Willough-

And the Englishman bowed with a slight air of condescension "I am at your service, Col. Willoughby,

say what you want, and the thing is done." friend. Let it be good and strong, for my men, you know, who kind of draw you towards head is a little unsettled with this throbbing them, as if they were made of loadstone; and pain. That stage coach of yours would be others that soon to push you off. Captain something better for a pair of new springs. Aften is one of the latter kind."

"What is that !

"Getting over the ground."

waiting, he carried it to the room himself, "Sit down, Mr. Adams," said the traveller,

The landler I did not wait for a second just "I hope the tea is to your liking, sir. "Excellent I so not tasted better come I

The traveller spoke blandly, as he held his cup a little way from his lips, and looked over by, in a decided manner, as if he had an inthe top of it at his host with something more than a casual glance. He was reading his face with an evident effort to pain from it, as an in-

My wife understands her business, to plied the flattered landlori. "There is not her equal in all the country round."

"I can believe you, Mr. Adams. Almady potion. My headache has left me as if by

He set his cap down; moved his chair a little

How long have you been in this town, Mr foreshadowing of much beyond.

"I was born here," he replied Then you know all the people, I im"I know all their faces, at least." "And their histories and characters ?"

"Perhaps."
Semething in this "perhaps," and the tone in which it was uttered, seemed not to strik the questioner agreeably. He bent his brown a little, and looked more narrowly at the land-

iord.

"I did not see much of your town as I came
in this evening. How large is it?"

"Middling good size, sir, for an inland town,"

was the not very satisfactory answer.

"What is the population?"
"Well, I don't know—can't just say to a

certainty. "Two thousand !"

"Laws, no sir! Not over one, if that."

"About a thousand, then?"

"Maybe a thousand, and maybe not more than six or seven hundred." "Call it seven hundred, then," said the tra-

eller, evidently a little amused. "And that will, in my view, be calling it mough.

There was a pause. The traveller seemed in doubt as to whether he should go on with his queries.
"Not much trade here, I presume?" He

asked, at length. "Not much to boast of," said Adams.

Another pause.
"Any well-to-do people? Gentlemen who live

n their means ! "Yes; there's Aaron Thompson. He's rich, guess. But you can't measure a snake 'till

he's dead, as they say." "True," said the traveller, seeming to fall into the landlerd's mood. "Rescuters often change the public estimate of a man as to this world's goods. So, Aaron Thompson is one of

your rich men !" Yes. And there's Abel Reeder-a close fisted old dog, but wealthy as a Jew, and no mistake. Then there is Captain Allen.

A flash of interest went over the stranger's face, which was turned at once from the light "Captain Allen! And what of him?" The

was no appearance of special enriosity. "A great deal of him." The landlord nut

on a knowing look. " Is he a sea captain "

Yes;" and lowering his voice, " something else, besides, if we are to eredit people who

"Ah! But you speak in riddles, Mr. Adams What do you mean by something more ?"
"Why, the fact is, Mr. Willoughby, they do

sort of a fashion."

"By gambling !"

"No, sir! By piracy!" Col. Willoughby gave a real or affected start. "A grave charge, that, sir." He looked teadily at the landlord. "And one that should

not be lightly made." "I only report the common talk."

"If such talk should reach the cars of Cap-"No great likelihood of its doing so, for, I

to say 'pirate ' to his face. "What kind of a man is he !"

"A had specimen in every way !" He's no favorite of yours, I see ?" "I have no personal cause of dislike. We said the landlord, in his blunt way. "Just never had many words together," said the landierd. "But he's a man that you want to "A cup of tea will serve me to night, my get as far away from as possible. There are

ine that I can give is at all likely to reach his being strangled at birth. The nurse said that birth strangled at There is a deep sear across his left forehead running past the outer corner of his eye, and The traveller smiled to himself in a quiet ending against the cheek bons. The lower lid turned out, showing its deep red lining. There is Nothing further being remarked, Mr. Adams another sear on his chin. Two fingers are gone from his left hand, and his right hand has suf

> "He has evidently swen hard service," reed him to be expressing, as best he could, all signs of interest in the landsord's communica-

tion. . "There's no mistake about that; and if you could only see him, my word for it, you would fall into the common belief that blood lies upon his conscience. I shall certainly put myself in the way of

seeing him after the sper you have just given to my curiouty," said Colonel Willoughterest in the man beyond what the landlord's "Then you will have to remain here some

plied the landford.

"Captain Allen but at home.

There was a sudden change in the stranger's face that did not escape the landlord a notice. But whether it indicated pleasure or disappointment, he could not tell for it was at best a very equivocal expression.

Not at home! His roice indicated sur-

"How long has he leen absent ?"

About a month "And a expected to return soon, no

doubt " As to that, I can't say. Few people in this town, I apprehend, can speak with certainty as to the going and coming of Captain Allen."

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"It is much longer than it used to be-

than a month, and often extended to three times that period. Colonel Williamshley sat without further re-

mark for some time, his eyes bent down, his brows contracted by thought, and his lips that," said Jacob. "And now, if you will give firmly drawn together. "Thank you, my friend," he said, at length,

looking up, "for your patience in answering my idle questions. I will not detain you any

retired from the apartment.

On the next morning Colonel Willoughby plied the landlord with a few more questions about Captain Allen, and then, inquiring the direction of his house, started out, as he said, to take a ramble through the town. He did not ome back until near dinner time, and then he showed no disposition to encourage familiarity on the part of Mr. Adams. But that indiwidned was not in the dark touching the morning whereabouts of his friend. A familiar of stimulated by certain good things which the landlord knew when and how to dispense, had tracked the stranger from the "White Swan" to Captain Allen's house. After walking around it, on the outside of the enclosure or twice, and viewing it on all sides, he had ventured, at last, through the gate, and up to the front door of the stately mansion. A servant admitted him, and the landlord's familiar leitered around for nearly three hours before he came out. Mrs. Allen accompanied him to the door, and stood and talked with him earnestly for some time in the portico. They shook hands in parting, and Colonel Wileyes bent downwards as if his thoughts were solver, if not oppressive

All this Mr. Adams know; and, of course, his curiosity was pitched to a high key. But, that he threw himself in the way of his guest, made leading remarks, and even asked if he had seen the splendid dwelof Captain Allen. The handsome stranger held him firmly at a distance. And not only that he gave way to hesitation, and began to on that day and evening, but on the next day and the next. He was polite even to bland the lady false. Then came up the image of ness, but suffered no approach beyond the simplest forms! intercourse. Every morning he was seen going to Captain Allen's house, where he always stayed several hours. The afternoons he spect, for the most part, in his team of Jacob Perkins drove noiselessly in

as to who this Colonel Willoughby might be. made, presuming upon her professional acquaintance with Mrs. Allen, took the liberty of near. calling in one afternoon, when, to her certain knowledge, the stranger was in the house. She len, in a low, steady voice; and Jacob obeyed that popular writer, Mr. T. S. Arraus, opens poor fellow being "baceled out." We know was, however, disappointed in seeing him. The servant, who admitted her, showed her into a small reception room on the opposite side of then took his place beside her. the hall from the main parlor, and here Mrs. Allen met her. She was "very sweet to her" to use her own words awest, and kind, and gentle as ever. But she looked palerthan usual, and did not seem to be at care

The nurse reported that something was going wrong; but, as to its exact nature, she was in the dark. It certainly didn't look right for Mrs. Allen to be receiving, daily, the visits of an elegant looking stranger, and her husband away. There was only one opinion on this

And so it went on from day to day for nearly a week-Colonel Willoughby, as he had cailed himself, spending the greater part of every morning with Mrs. Allen, and hiding himself from curious eyes, during the afternoons, in his room at the " White Swan." Then came town of S ent to this exciting little drama.

One day the stranger, after dining, asked Mr. Adams for his bill, which he paid in British gold. He then gave directions to have a small trunk, the only baggage he had with him, sent to the house of Captain Allen.

The landlord raised his eyebrows, of course; looked very much surprised, and even ven-And so he left the "White Swap," after nocurning there for nearly a week, and the land-

The news which came on the following day. Perkins, who lived near Captain Allen's, and a, told the story. His relation was to this effect. About ten o'clock at her accordingly. He found her dressed as for a journey, but alone.

"Take a sent, Jacob," she said. "I wish to have some talk with you." The man noticed something unusual in her voice and manner,

"Jacob," she resumed, after a pause, bending towards Mr. Perkins, "can I trust you in matter requiring both service and secrecy ! 1 have done some kind things for you and yours : I now wish you to return the favor."

As she spoke, she drew out a purse, and let him see something of its golden contents.

"Say on, Mrs. Allen. You may trust me. If you ask anything short of a crime, it shall be mine, and now I will repay you, if in my power

Jacob Perkins was in earnest. But, whether gratitude, or that apparition of golden sovereigns, had meet influence upon him, cannot at this remote period be said.

"Can you get a pair of horses and a carriage,

or light wagon, to-night ?" "I can," replied Jacob.

'And so as not to excite undue curiosity !" 'I think so " Very well. Next, will you drive that team

all night? And Mrs. Allen played with the purse of gold, and let the coins it contained strike each other with a musical chink, very pleasant to the ear b Perkins.

You shall be paid handsomely for your

trouble," added the lady, as she fixed her beautiful blue eyes upon Jacob with an earnest, almost pleading, look.

"I hope there is nothing wrong," said Jacob, ome troublesome suspicious began turning melves over in his mind. Nothing wrong, as God is my witness !

And Mrs. Allen lifted her pale face reverently upwards Forgive me, madam! I might have know

me your orders, they shall be obeyed to the Thank you, my kind friend," returned Mrs.

"The service you are now about to render me, cannot be estimated in the usual The landlord areas, and, howing to his guest, way. To me, it will be far beyond all price." She was agitated, and pansed to recover herself. Then she resumed with her usual calm-

> Bring the carriage here-driving with as little noise as possible—in half an hour. Be very discreet. Don't mention the matter even to your wife. You can talk with her as

'From Boston! Why that is thirty miles

"I know it, Jacob, but I must be in Boston early to-morrow morning. You know the road !"

"So much the better. And now go for the carriage. Jacob Perkins arose. As he was turning to

go, Mrs. Allen placed her hand upon his shoul-

"I can trust you, Mr. Perkins?"

Madam, you can," was his reply; and he passed from the quiet house, into the darkness without. The night was moonless, but the stars shone down from an unclouded sky. When Jacob Perkins found himself alone, and some unpleasant doubts touching the part he was about to play, intruded themselves upon his thoughts. He had seen the handso stranger going daily to visit Mrs. Allen, for now nearly a week; and had listened to the town talk touching the matter, until his own mind was filled with the common idea, that something was wrong. And now, to be called on to drive Mrs. Allen to Boston, secretly, and seek for reasons that would instify his playing her sweet reverent face, as she said so earnest surbing-and so continues to the very close. ly-"Nothing wrong, as God is my witos " and his first purpose was restored.

Punctually, at half past ten o'clock, the through the gate, and up the carriage way to son: -and the readers of Tux Post, from this All this soon became noised throughout the the door of the Allen mansion. No lights were week's number to the close of another year, English spectators on the ground-and they -, and there was a little world visible in any part of the house. Under the may expect a succession of literary treats. Our were very numerous—almost invariably proof excitement, and all manner of conjectures portico, were two figures, a man and a womanthe man holding something in his arms, which, The old nurse, of whom mention has been on a closer observation, Jacob saw to be a child. Two large trunks and a small one stood at our command.

> in silence. When all was ready, she got in, and the man handed her the sleeping child, and

the time as short as possible."

No other words were spoken. Jacob led his horses down the carriage way to the gate, which he closed carefully, after passing through, and then mounting to his seat, drove off rapidly.

Mrs. Allen and her travelling companion; and two steel engravings, published by Mr. John M. that was in so low a tone of voice, that Jacob Perkins failed to catch a single word, though he bent his car and listened with the closest attention, whenever he heard a murmur of

Boston, where Jacob Perkins left them, and returned home with all speed, to wake up the to be surpassed. - with a report of his strange adventure. Before parting with Mrs. Allen, she gave him a purse, which, on examination, was found to contain a hundred dollars in cent Creket match in this city, was won by gold. She also placed in his hand a small the famous English Kleven. The American gold locket, and said, impressively, while her Twenty-Two made 94 on their First Innings, almost colorless lips quivered, and her bosom and 60 on their second; making 154 in all, or struggled with its pent up feelings,

tured a curious question. But the stranger re- with his father -reaches, his tenth year, give, glish made 126 in their Pirst Innings, and, tion touching his movements. him this, and say that it is a gift from his mo- after they had made the requisite 29 in their ther, and contains a lock of her hair. Can I Second Innings, ceased playing, having seven trivity; we will have an arbatis." added Leopold, in a tone of thunder. "You case (?) shall fall; by the bones of my father, I swear.

swered Jacob Perkins, "it shall be done." "Remember," she sa' "that you are only night, Mrs. Allen seut for him, and he waited to give this to John and net until his tenth year. Keep my gift sacred from the knowledge of every one until that time, and then let the communication be to him alone."

> her wishes, and then left her looking so pale, successfully transplanted in this country, so words, he never could recall her image as she three hours during which we were on the field, if trying to explore the future, without thinking of some marble statue in a grave-yard.

She was never seen in S-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE USE OF ALISMA PLANTAGO IN RPILEPSY.— K. Baines, Esq., M. E. C. S., in the London Lancet, reports the following case: William, the son of Sergeant T——, of the Middlesse, Rifler, a boy of eight years, has been subject to Riffes, a toy of eight years, has been subject to epideptic fits, from a few months after birth. They have increased in frequency and intensi-ty; his mother says that "they average six in a fortnight"—frequent eractations, generally followed by vomiting. Much attention, medifollowed by vomiting. Much attention, cal advice and expense have been lavish benefit. He was ordered to four grains of the powder of water plantain a day, and increase the dose a grain ever day. Eighth day, a slight fit; fourteent an ordinary fit—vomitting has ceased units day. Sighth day, a slight \$8: fourteend day, an ordinary fit—vomiting has ceases Forty-eighth day, a fit of short duration. The intervals between the fits have extended to a confusers days. The apparent controlling power of the Alisma Plantage in so little tractional days a figure warrants more extensive trial.

lenry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATERDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1864.

TERMS A

The Terms of THE POST are \$22 a year, if paid advance. \$3, if not paid in advance. \$27 The ris vigan's subscription must always be paid to Asvance For \$3, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years.

Two Capies.

Twenty (and one to getter up of Cital.) We. On Porsons reaching in HRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remail TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price, as we have to propay the United. ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent

mount. Address DEACON & PETERSON,
No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia. REJECTED COMUNICATIONS.—We cannot un testake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making team copy of.

THE COMING YEAR.

We call the attention of our readers, and the public at large, to our Prospectus for the coming year, on the last column of this page. We may state here, that our facilities for obtaining the best literary articles of all kinds. from writers of the very highest reputation, were never greater than they are at present.

Our engagement of that New Stan in the iterary firmament the AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," &c .- will be a promise of many good things to our readers. This brilliant and powerful writer will contribute an other American periodical. The novelet of THE EARL'S DACOUTERS," already in hand for under cover of the night, seemed so much like the new year, -AND WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR becoming a party to some act of folly or crime. THE POST will be considered, we have little of the same incessant strain upon their muscles doubt, the very finest of her productions. Its interest, after the first chapter or two, is ab-

> A number of other original stories from our splendid list of contributors, are already in Cricket, perhaps, may tend to correct all thatonly difficulty-it seems to us at present-will nounced the word bowl, bowl, as if spelt be to crowd into our paper the rich materials | bowel; instead of bole, as we Americans say.

- In the present number we commence very finely: while of "Pountrey Anger" it is enough to say, that it is by the author of "The To Boston, remember, Jacob; and make Red Court Farm." New subscribers would do pray them to abandon it at once and forever. To well to commence their subscriptions with the opening of the new year.

As an inducement to subscribers, we offer in our Prospectus, as premiums, HAMILTON'S But little conversation took place between large and handsome Views of Niagana Palls, Butler. We also club with "Agrnen's Hour MAGARINE" -an excellent and popular monthly at a very liberal price. In fact, both for the excellence of its contents, and the cheap-It was after daylight when they arrived in ness of its terms, we do not mean THE Post

six more than the Canadians made, and 62 "Jacob, when my son-he is now absent more than were made at New York. The En-

We were mistaken last week, in saving that Tears filled her eyes; then her breast heaved the players on the American side in this city, were all natives of the country-of the 22 only "As Heaven is my witness, madam," an- 10 were natives. The comparative play of these

10 Americans made

This however, proves very little, except Jacob Perkins promised to do according to that there is no doubt that the game can be sad, and miserable, that to use his own far as native born ability is concerned. In the stood looking, not at him, but past him, as we saw enough to convince us that although chance does not, strictly speaking, enter into the game of Cricket, a very large element of uncertainty does. For instance, Hayward, of the English players, made the best score, 34, on their First Innings-and yet, when he came in, the first man, on the Second Innings, and the field was alive to see what he would do, he was caught before he had made a single run, and retired amid a perfect storm of applause and laughter. Lockyer also, who made 30 on the English First Innings, only made 9 on the Second, before he too was forced to retire amid a similar storm-for he had been, as wicket keeper, a continual thorn in the side of the American batters, and was "stumped" himself, by Barclay, as he had "stumped" so many others. These were but two instances

among many of the same kind. It will be perceived that the Americans did not do so well on the Second as on their Pirst Innings. The English did not play out their they also would have fallen behind their

of this falling of was, that the parties became med to each other's peculiarities and more able to guard against them, as the

There was, we think, one marked differenbetween the two sets of players,—the greater recklessness of the Americans in their runs. The English were generally satisfied with ma king one safe run, and would not so often risk being put out by the attempt to make another. The cautious game, in Cricket, though not so dashing and so interesting to the spectators, is, we should think, much the wiser. But young blood is hot blood, and the American players were not only much younger to the game, but much younger in years—one of them being, judging by his appearance, a boy of about sixteen, and many of the others young men of eighteen to twenty-five.

The game of Cricket, it seems to us, is rather deliberate a one to be entirely in unison with the disposition to unceasing activity of our people. Half of the time, only two individuals of one of the sides—the one which is having its Innings-are employed at E. Tilton & Co., Boston all; and each of these merely bats four balls, and then the other plays, and so on alternately. Of the other side, the two bowlers, and the two wicket-keepers, have a pretty fair amount of exercise; while the rest, who are fielders, may stand, the most of them, with nothing to do for some time. The amount of exercise, therefore, is not necessarily very great, though it is very good, what there is of it-which is scarce ly enough, we should think, to keep one warm on one of the cold days of our American winters. Its advantages are the ensuring of rea sonable exercise, and plenty of fresh air-be sides cultivating the eye and hand to quickness and accuracy.

Perhaps, too, the very deficiency in Cricket of long continued and violent exercise, should be a reason for its adoption as the popular to carry our unceasing activity too much into our sports and recreations—and thus defeat that relaxation of the mind, which is one of the principal objects to be gained by them. Some our young men, we fear, are wearing them selves away to mere skeletons of bone and They are determined, like the old lady, to take the fifty pills at once. If ten minutes' aris good, ten hours, so they think. out games which have more about them of grim earnest than of sport-and work away at play as if their physical salvation depended upon getting the most done in the shortest period. hand and engaged, and will appear in due sea. and, if it does, its negative qualities may not be the least among its recommendations.

By the way, at the recent match, the May we beg of them to correct that harsh pro nunciation. It was entirely too suggestive there is authority for their pronunciation of the word-even Worcester, we believe, considering it allowable-but, notwithstanding, we present number, instead of waiting for the ugly one like bowel, seems to us to be almost another proof of that tendency to mar and degrade, which the theologians tell us is inseparable from poor human nature.

> Glancing, the other day, over the pages of one of the popular Boston periodicals-popular, we mean, with young masters and miss eves lit upon the following passages in a romantic story of "The Brave Days of Old:"

"Ho, there! a light, a light!" cried Leopold, ng quickly forward with his drawn blade in : "what moves ye varlets? What's the

"Ho, there, Conrad! plant thou a part of thy bowmen at regular intervals round yen gloomy bastile, and allow no man to pass without the signal; form a heavy arbatis (query, obstites?) with effective range of the walls, with the receipts here given, there is nearly twice over the battlement's crest; there will be work for thee with the morning's sun; and death to the stubbern swine of Wolfsberger, mother and child," shouted Leopold, so loud, purposely, that child," shouted Leopold, so loud, purposely, that every word could be distinctly heard by those in the To thy axes, men, to the axes, and fell be. It is made as follows :of these frowning pines which seem to over us, as if displeased with our inacower over us, as if disp it; and you proud and scornful bled, though I die in the effort?

We do not know that the writer of the above designed his story to be "highly amusing, as well as interesting," but, if he did, he has succeeded admirably. We question whether many intelligent readers would be able to read it without bursts of laughter.

Pentic Merrico. - We are requested to state, that a Public Meeting of the Rosine Association will be held at the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening, October 21st, at half past seven The meeting will be addressed by the Rev. Mr. Carden, Rev. Mr. Jeffery, and the Rev. A. A. Willitts. A collection will be taken up to aid the Building Fund of the Resine Associ

LANDERTH'S RUBAL REGISTER. - The attention of our readers is invited to the advertisement of Messers. D. Landreth & Son's Rural Register and Almanac for 1860. It is gratuitously dis-

How the Sultan Kaises the Wish.—The Sultan has a nevel method of raising money. Expecting lately to make a journey to Smyrna, Syria, Egypt, and perhaps Malta, he demanded sixty millions of plastres for the expenses of the voyage. Failing in all other ways to "raise the wind." he ordered that all officers of Government whose salaries was above. "raise the wind. he othered that all omeers of thovernment whose salaries were above a certain specified sum, should for one month receive but half pay, and the other half he reserved for his travelling expenses. A novel but expeditious way of collecting the

on the indications were that d have fallen behind their We suppose that one reason to Savannah.

This steamship Quaker City is safe. It was towed into Norfolk on Wednesday, by the Philadelphia steamship State of Georgia, bound to Savannah.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED. OUT OF THE DRITTES; THE STORT OF A WOMAN'S LIFE. E. D. Long, New York.
Porms, by the Rev. T. HEMPSTEAD. M. W.

Dodd. New York. THE ENVIRE OF RUSSIA; PROS THE RESOTEST PERSONS TO THE PRESENT TIME. By JOHN S. C.

MENOISS OF ROBERT HOUDIN, AMBARRADOR Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackensie. George G.

THE HORTICULTURIST : A Journal of Rural Art PARTIES AND THEIR PRINCIPLES: A MANUAL or Political Intelligence, Exhibiting the Ori gin, Growth and Character of National Parties. By ABTHUR HOLEES. D. Appleton & Co., New York. MARY LEE. A STORY FOR CHILDREN. By KATE LIVERNORE. D. Appleton & Co., New York. THE CRICKET FIELD, OR THE HISTORY AND THE SCIENCE OF CRICKET. Maybew & Baker,

LIFE'S MORNING; OR, COUNSELS AND EN OURAGEMENTS FOR YOUTHFUL CHRISTIANS. J

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF THE MEDICAL SCIENCES. Edited by ISAAC HAYS, M. D. Octoher. Blanchard & Lea. Philadelphia

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW. October rosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPADIA. Part 6. Eighty Parts. D. Appleton & Co., New York. LIFE IN TUSCANY. By MARKE SHARMAN

CHAWFORD. Sheldon & Co., New York. DICK AND HIS FRIEND FIDUS. A Story for Children. By CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE. Wilam S. and Alfred Martien, Philads. A NEW DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS from the

Greek, Latin, and Modern Languages. Translated into English, and Occasionally Accompanied with Illustrations, Historical, Poetical and Anecdo J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. THE GLORY OF THE HOUSE OF ISBARL. A Pic

ture of Judaism in the Century which preceded the Advent of the Saviour. By PREDERICE STRACES.
J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

CEMENT FOR FRUIT CANS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Reading the "Post" of October 15th, I see ong the "Useful Receipts," on page 5, one for making "Sealing Wax for Fruit Cans." in which I can point out a very great error, entailing both waste of material and expense; and that is directing beeswax and gum shellac "Festus." ISA CRAIG.
to be melted together. The two can be melted LIEUT. HABERSHAM. MISS MARTINEAU. in the same vessel, but they will not mix. Another objection is, that the scaling wax will be more expensive than is necessary, contents of THE POST—many of the above list writers. sidering the purpose it is used for. At present, gum shellac is scarce and high, and sealing wax cannot be made as cheap as usual, while Venetian red answers every purpose for

A good receipt is the following : Gum shellac 4 or., costing 10 cents Rosin Soz., do. 3 do. Venetian red I oz., do. 1 do.

Or the following, containing more gum shellac, and it will make a firmer article than the

Gum shellac 6 or .. costing 15 cents.

Rosin 6 oa., 4o. 3 do. Venetian red 1 oz., do. 1 do. An increased quantity of rosin renders wax

too brittle, but that can be obviated to a great extent, by the addition of about an ounce, or two tablespoonfuls of Venice turpentine, and an excellent improvement to either receipt. Coloring matter sufficient to answer the pur- Lady's Book. Read the following and take your pose is all that is needed; a large quantity impairing the adhesive quality, and making the wax granular.

The following are the prices of the articles, The following are the prices of the articles, and they can be purchased more reasonably at the wholesale than retail drug stores. Gun the wholesale than retail drug stores. Gun thur's Home Macsaine, One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Macsaine, One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book. 35 cents to 40 cents a pound; rosin 5 cents a pound; Venetian red 6 cents a pound; Venice other three-fourths; and they can be recom-

Next is a wax used for sealing air-tight cans. It is softer than theothers, as it properly should

Yellow was 1 lb., costing 50 cents, Venetian fed S or., do. 3 do.

This will answer for bottles, and is still cheaper. when requested. It does not require any Venice turpentine, the wax giving the requisite degree of soft-

the "Post," and an inquiry was made concerning "Oil of Tartar," which you could not answer. Salt of Tartar, as it is called, when exposed to the air, gradually absorbs moisture and becomes a liquid, and in that state is the "chance reader" of the "Post." and by chance read and preserved the articles on the "Four Acre Farm." I thought by the remarks made at the commencement of the chapters, the authoress had written previously same subject; if so, where have the former articles been printed?

[Note by the Editor. Our correspondent robably was misled by the reference to Miss Martinean's "Farm of Two Acres," previously published in Tux Post. If she had be lar, instead of chance reader, she would have understood it.

As to the receipt alluded to, our correspon dent is certainly mistaken in saying, as she does in the first paragraph, that beeswax and shellac will not mix. We have used for preserves, a sealing wax made of equal proportions of rosin and shellac, with becsway at dis cretion, and the three blend perfectly, and make a capital cement. We thank her for the new receipts furnished.

RUSSIAN ENTERPRISE.—The Russian Govern-RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT OF RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT HAS JUST COMMENCE A THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT OF THE RUSSI

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

STILL GREATER INDUCEMENTS.

A CHANCE TO OBTAIN TWO HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVINGS

HAMILTON'S VIEWS OF NIAGARA FALLS.

FICTION, NEWS, HUMOR, AGRICUL. TURE, THE MARKETS, &c., &c., &c.

The Proprietors of the SATURDAY EVENING POST-"the oldest and best of the Weeklies" have the pleasure to announce to the reading publie, that they have made an EXCLUSIVE engage with an Author whose powerful Stories have of late attracted great attention; and that they will open the year 1860 with a novelet, written expressly for

THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

By the AUTHOR of "THE RED COURT FARM," "THE ROCK," the "HESTER HALLIWELL" Stories, "THE SIX GRAY POWDERS," "THE DIAMOND BRACE. LET," &c., &c.

In this story, written expressly for THE POST, this powerful writer's genius has had full scope afforded it; and we are able to state—having read it in manuscript, for it is already in hand-that it will make a sensation, unless we are greatly mistaken, as one of the most powerful and interesting stories ever published.

To enable those unacquainted with THE POST to judge of the richness and variety of its genera contents, we may state that during the past year we have published povelets, stories, poems, es Ac., from the pens of the following gifted writers:

G. P. R. JAMES.
CHARLES DICKENS.
MARY HOWITF.
AUTHOR OF "THE ALFRED TENNYSON. CHARLES READE. LONGFELLOW CHARLES MACKAY. DR. O. W. HOLMES.

DR. O. W. HOLMES.
T. S. ARTHUR.
AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT." Ac.
ALEXANDER DUMAS.
JOHN G. WHITTHER.
OWEN MEREDITH.
P. J. BAILEY, (Author of NORA PERRY.

RED COURT FARM."

AUTHOR OF "FAR OF FOUR ACRES.

The writings of the above and other distinguished ting expressly for our columns, and the choicest contributions of the others being obtained as soon as possible from the English and other Periodicals in which they appear. In this way we are enabled to make up a sheet, unsurpassed, as we think, for the VARIETY and BRILLIANCY of its contents.

THE POST does not confine itself, however, to works of the imagination, as so many Weeklies now do. It generally devotes a fair portion of its ample space to the NEWS of the WEEK, FOREIGN and Do MESTIC, to LETTERS FROM PARIS, to an AGRICUL-TURAL DEPARTMENT, to BANK NOTE and STOCK LISTS, and to a WEEKLY and ACCURATE PRICE CURRENT of the PRODUCK MARKETS, &c., &c.

HAMILTON'S TWO VIEWS of NIAGARA FALLS a couple of handsome and large-sized Steel Engravings-the .ctail price of which is FIVE DOLLARS we are enabled to Club with THE

POST on the following remarkably liberal terms We also Club with those well-known Monthly Magnzines, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Godey's

TERMS.

One Copy of THE POST, One Copy of THE POST and BOTH En-\$2.00 a year. 3.00

CLUBS.

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5.50
1 '(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club.) 10.00
2 '(and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of Club.) 15.00 5,00 ** (and one copy extra, or both Engravings to getter up of C(mb,) 20,00

(and one copy extra, and both Engravings to getter up of Club.) 30,00 P. S .- The Postage will be pre-paid on the En gravings.

DEACON & PETERSON. Address No. 132 South Third St. Philada 24 Sample Copies of the Post sent gratis

TO EDITORS .- Editors who give the above one insertion, or condense the material portions of it for their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an Several months ago, I purchased a copy of exchange, by sending us a marked copy of the paper containing the advertisement or noti

> Population of Philadelphia.—Mr. S. K. Co-hen, in the course of preparing his new Di-rectory of Philadelphia, has made inquiries at to population, and he informs us that the whole number of inhabitants in the consolidated city number of inhabitants in the consolidated city and less than 680,000. This is somewhat above the usual estimate, but no one has had as good opportunities of making a correct estimate as Mr. Cohen. The increase of population since 1850 is 271,000, which exceeds any former rate of increase. The growth of the city for a succession of periods is shown by the following statement:

Population of Philadelphia in 1866

The United States census, to be taken next year, will test the accuracy of Mr. Cohen's cal-culation. But whether it be exactly correct or not, there is no question as to the fact that the population of Philadelphia has increased im-received and it is still increasing randity.

population of Philadelphia has increased immensely, and it is still increasing rapidly.

Mr. Cohen says: "Cohen's Philadelphia Directory" will contain a larger number of citizens' names than appears in the New York City Directory for 1860, taken in May last; hence, if similar data (viz.: male adults, housekeepers, and persons in business,) have taken in both cities, the population of delphia exceeds that of New York city.

BOARD or Heatts.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 152— Adults 89, and children 63.

Cleanliness is the elegance of the poor.

what sweet

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ruffling h came a R dle, of gr male tha current : "I have the flame set that of here are it. You ! into a far bore you the joy of

gether, m were a cur a woman whole: fo none came and the l

honesty g betimes.

I've sat an where you

A GOOD FIGHT.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY CHARLES READE. ACTHOR OF "LOVE ME LITTLE, LOVE ME LONG," 'NEVER Too LATE TO MEND," &c., &c.

Come, then, read it to me, prithec. I am "The first words are, 'To my honored pa-

"Ay! and he always did honor us, poor

111

RT

HE

als

" God and the saints have you in his holy keeping, and bless you by night and by day. Your one harsh deed is forgotten; your years of love remembered."

Catherine laid her hand on her bosom, and sank back in her chair with one heart-broken "Then comes this, madam. It speaks for it-

self. A long adieu." 'Ay, go on, bless you, girl; you give me sorry comfort. Still, 'tis comfort.'

To my brothers Cornelis and Sybrandt. Be content. You will see me no more!""
"What does that mean? Ah! has he seen what I have : or more ?"

'To my sister Kate. Little angel of my father's house. Be kind to her--' Ah'"

"That is Margaret Brandt, my dear-his is my dear-his my dear-his is my dear-his my dear-his my dear-his my dear-his my dear-his my dear-his my dearsweetheart, poor soul. I've not been kind to

er. Forgive me. Gerard !!! -for poor Gerard's sake: since grief to her is death-to-me-' Ah!" And nature, resenting the poor girl's struggle for unnatural composure, suddenly gave way, and she sank from her chair and lay insensible, with her head on Catherine's knees.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Experienced women are not frightened when weman faints, nor do they hastily attribute they have often seen produce it. Catherine bustled about; laid the girl down with her head on the floor quite flat, opened the winlow, and unloosed her dress as she lay. till she had done all this did she step to the over her child unborn, as if it had been my own door and say, rather loudly :

"Come here, if you please." beating her hands.

Oh, my poor girl! What has happened?" natural in her situation.

"My poor Margaret !"

Margaret ? What, not Margaret Brandt ?"

against. She is coming to, thank Heaven." Me bitter? Well, so I was; but my heart my own child—all in one moment. What, sweetheart? Be not frightened, none are here. Cornelis and Sybrandt took the hint and etheart? Be not frightened, none are here but friends. And to think of my setting her to slunk out, sching with remorse, and impeni

read me the letter—poor thing!"

They seated her in an easy chair. As the dor was creeping back to her face and lips, Catherine drew Margaret Van Kyck aside.
"I would not let her go home to-night."

To enforce this she whispered a few words Margaret Van Eyek started at them, and with out going out of a whisper, went into a passion. 'It's false! it is a calumny! it is monstrous

Look at her face. It is blasphemy to accuse such a face. " 'Tut! tut! tut!" said the other, "; might as well say this is not my hand. I ought to know. I have had a dozen, besides the

numbers I have seen. I tell ye it is so." And much to Margaret Van Evck's surprise went up to the girl, and, taking her round the neck, kissed her warmly. "I suffered for Gerard, and you shed your blood for him I do hear: his own words show me I have been to blame. I've held aloof from you. But I'll make it up to you once I begin. You are my daughter from this hour."

Another warm embrace sealed this hasty mpact, and the woman of impulse was gone. Margaret lay back in her chair, and a feeble smile stole over her face. Gerard's mother had kissed her, and called her danghter; but the

pext moment she saw her old friend looking at her with a solemnity and sadness that were

She slid from her chair to her knees, and prayed piteously to the old dame for pardon. From the words and the manner of her penience a bystander would have gathered she had inflicted some cruel wrong, and intolerable insult upon her venerable friend.

table discussing the recent event, when their mother returned, and casting a piercing glance and an egrit du corps that boded iii for all round the little circle, laid the letter flat on the lay defendant. Soon the lawyers had lowing the lines with her finger. Then, suddealy lifting her head, she cast another keen authority from the father of the bride or bridesok on Cornelis and Sybrandt: their eyes fell. groom the magistrate might stop a marriage Then the storm that had long been brewing

Catharine seemed to swell like an angry hen le, of great and mean invective, such as no male that ever was born could utter in one and in domicilio saucto. On the above particu urrent : and not many women.

"I have long had my doubts that you blew he flame betwixt Gerard and your father, and ere are Gerard's own written words to prove You have driven your own flesh and blood ato a far land, and robbed the mother that joy of her heart. But you are all of a piece And Margaret was half an hour making the companion from infancy. Her mother tried to finish this was a change for the better. But the great decided and she came down transformed; elastic and she came down transformed; elastic and she came down transformed; elastic and the bast to leave it; and why? because there are point of the bast to leave it; and why? because there are point of the pointing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go be believed by the found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go be believed by the found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go be believed by the found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go be believed by the found the art of printing universal, and so beautifully executed that he could not go be believed. He had the modesty and the sense to see that there we have there are a pair of ne'er-do-weels. Often the point of the mother tried to think this was a change for the better. But the of think this was a change for the better. But the day to the saints. Thus points she is half way to the saints. When she was near her cond, she his point where great deed do make his pen defray the expenses the set of the heart of think this was a change for the better. But the list to chink this was a change for the better. But the heads we can be a condition of their think this was a change for the better. But the six of think this was a change for the better. But the she down transformed; elastic and radiant with beauty.

Gerari, who had all his parents' economy, the solution of the wine with a said with beauty.

Gerari, who had all his parents' economy, the solution of the wine with a said with beauty.

Gerari, who had all his parents' economy, the solution of the wine with this one in the room.

And in Burskien of the wine with this one in the room.

The reson are should be down their heads, and should their heads, and should the list the changes in hea

the cradle, or the cuckoo dropped ye on my hearts; of all my blood none but you ever jeered them that God afflicted; but often when my back was turned I've heard you mock at Giles, because he is not so hig as some ; and at my lily Kate (that is poor, dear Gerard's word), because she is not so strong as a Planders mare. After that rob a church an you will! for can be no worse in His eyes that made both Kate and Giles, and in mine that suffered for them, poor darlings, as I did for you, you paltry, unfeeling, treasonable curs! No, I will not hush, my daughter; they have filled the cup too full. It takes a deal to turn a mother's art against the sons she has nursed upon her knees; and many is the time I have winked and wouldn't see too much, and bitten my tongue, lest their father should know them as I do: he would have put them to the door that moment. But now they have filled the cu full. And where got ye all this money? nt. But now they have filled the cup too never wrought for it. I wish I may never hear from other mouths how you got it. Sloth and greed are ill-mated, my masters. Lovers of noney must sweat or steal. Well, if you robbed a traveller of it, it was some woman, I'll go ball; for a man would drive you with his naked hand. No matter ; it is good for one thing. It has shown me how you will guide our gear if ever lads, this while. You have spent a great a-day between you. And I spend scarce a groat a week and keep you all, good and bad. No! give up waiting for the shoes that will, may be, walk behind your coffin; for this shop and this house shall never be yours. Gerard is our heir: poor Gerard, whom you have banished and done your best to kill; never call me mother again But you have made him tenfold dearer to me. My poor lost boy! I shall soon see him again shall hold him in my arms, and set him on my knees. Oh, you may stare! You are too clever and yet not clever enough. You cut the stalk away : but you left the seed-the seed that shall it to anything but those physical causes which outgrow you, and outlive you. Margaret Brandt is quick, and it is Gerard's, and what is Ge rard's is mine : and I have prayed the saints it may be a boy: and it will-it must. Oh, Kate, when I found it was so, my bowels yearned

"He is our heir. He will outlive us. You will not; for a bad heart in a carcass is like Margaret Van Evck and Richt came and the worm in a nut; soon brings the body to found Margaret lying quite flat, and Catherine dust. So, Kate, take down Gerard's bib and tucker that are in the drawer you wot of, and to-morrow we will carry them to Sevenbergen. "Nothing, madam; nothing more than is We will borrow Peter Buysken's cart, and go omfort Gerard's wife under her burden. She is his wife. Who is Ghysbrecht Van Swieten Can he come between a couple and the altar Yes! this is the poor girl you are so bitter and sunder those that God and the priest make one? She is my daughter; and I am as proud of her as I am of you, Kate; and is turned towards her somehow, as if she was as for you, keep out of my way a while, for you

tence, and hate.

They kept out of her sight for days; and she never spoke to them again about their conduct. Liberarerat animam suam.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Ghysbrecht Van Swieten heard no more of the black sheep for two days. Then they came and produced the letter they had taken from Hans Memling before he leathered them; and claimed their reward. The drawer was opened and in went their hands. Sybrandt had slily glued his without telling Cornelis; for black sheep are not always loyal to one another. So some small coins stuck to the back of his hand, and he got more for his soul than his brother did. When they were gone Ghysbrecht opened the letter, and found, to his surprise, it was written by Margaret Brandt. In it the poor girl revealed her situation to her lover, and besought him tenderly to return and save her honor. Her love and her sorrow had found words so simple and touching, that Ghysbrecht felt a deeper pang of remorse than ever, and cursed the hour he had fallen into the views of Cornelis and Sybrandt. But it was too late.

Hans was far away with the fatal letter to

tell Gerard Margaret was dead.

While Ghysbrecht was in this state, he received a summons to answer a charge made against him by the bishop of the diocese, for entering a church profanely, and interrupting

The Cure of Sevenbergen was a mild man and had submitted to that insult; but he re-The little party at the hosier's house sat at lated it months afterwards to others of the She repeated every word of it, fol- their word, and after much discussion they settled it thus: that on a special and written even at the altar, provided he did it decently, and sine strenits, and in a certain form, viz., by a writ first delivered to the officiating priest uffing her feathers, and out of her mouth but that, on a general authority, he could do ame a Rhone and Saone of wisdom and twad- no act of such weight, this being an interference with the clergy in their proper function, lars a month was given Ghysbrecht to furnish evidence. But this decision was in reality fatal to him. He had no written authority set that old rogue, Ghysbrecht, on. And now from Gerard senior. He had not done his act in the form by law prescribed, and by no means sine strepitu. Weighing this, and knowing from Martin Wittenhaagen that the Duke was here you of her darling, the pride of her eye, prejudiced against him, he was deeply dejected. In which state a still heavier blow

mand for scribes.

But, alas! the run was mainly upon Greek character, had no skill to write it. But he set served :to work with a will and practiced it. When he had at last mastered it, he thought he would prepare a specimen of his powers, surcounded with a border of fruit and leaves Should be buy a fair piece of vellum to lay it on! No; he was Catherine's son; why buy what he had by him? That old deed was on fair vellum : it was dirty : but then he had a deed on the table, and took his knife to cut it in half intending to glue the written faces of the two halves together, and so make a glo rious solid sheet.

Now, as he bent over it, a word or two excited his curiosity.
"Gently," said he, "let me not destroy it

till I know what it is-it belongs to her. Accordingly he read it, and, as he read it his beeks got hot, and his heart began to beat. When he had read it, he studied it, and, the more he studied it, the more sure he was that there was something much better to be done

with it than copy Plutarch on it. He sat reading and pondering it, and so abperhod that he missed the sight of a face from Holland. Hans Memling passed his little window twice, but Gerard never saw him.

At peep of day Gerard left Florence Friend and foe had shot at him with love and with hate, and each missed him alike. Neither Margaret's imploring cry to him to re turn reached him, nor did the false report of her death reach him, though it grazed so ter-

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Margaret stole away to Sevenbergen at peep of day ; there she found the soldier had left her a ong letter from Gerard. The thousand tender words of love filled her with joy; but the let ter was dated from Florence. The distance filled her with dismay.

"Oh, Gerard!" she cried, "why are you so far from me? What will become of me if you get not my letter? I shall die disgraced, for live ashamed I cannot."

Soon after breakfast Catherine came, true to her promise, and was so warm, so cheerful, and motherly, that she revived the drooping flower. Little Kate was unable to come. She was in more pain than usual. From this time the visits of Catherine were frequent. Margaret's despondent state caused her considerable anx-She never would come to Tergon, and indeed would not leave the house.

"I held my head too high," she said, " now I can look no one in the face. The Dame Van Ryck tries to forgive me, but she cannot. How can she? None can save me but one, and he comes not. Well-a-day !"

"I tell you," said Catherine, "you are his wife, and my daughter; and don't ye go fret-ting now, for the sake of the precious burden you are trusted with."

But when it transpired publicly that the dergy were proceeding against Ghysbrecht, Catherine came to Sevenbergen, buoyant with the news; and as she told it with a fair share of exaggeration, it brought life into Margaret's pale face, for a moment or two.

One day, as Peter was reading and Margaret caning her weary head on her new mother's osom, and kissing her hand; and the kind Catherine leaning her head down with assumed heerfulness, but secret anxiety, over this he pining daughter, so dear to her now; there stood in the door-way the figure of a man in rags, weary with travel, pale, large-eyed. Poter glanced off his book, and said : Pass on, good man, we are too poor to

There was a swift rush, a staff rattled on the floor, and the worn man was on his knees with and panting with joy.

give!" then back to his book again.

upon his neck.

a hand of each in his hand, and ever and anon his heart was larger. He set them by his

brought me, this deed which shows me your spoke of early days; and grew like one anfather is a wealthy man; his father's goods other; and their wrinkled faces had still being wrongfully kept from him by Ghysbrocht beauty, for they shone with benignity; oh Van Swieten. I only found it out at Florence. Was I to go on, and leave you in poverty, when I held this talisman to make you rich ?"

"I am rich in your love. I ask no more. Oh, mother can this be real? Can any woman be so happy and live ?"

"Why not? What would she gain by dy had been for threescore years and ten. Gerard, you and I must talk about that deed; this one is too simple; and now quick her trouble behind her. There was too much to Tergou.

Av: but how can I leave Margaret so "Mother, he loves me still! I'll come too, Gerard, sooner than the rest should want

And Margaret was half an hour making the

funds had saily dwindled. He found no print-fugers were all busy making Gerard a suit carthly treasures, she yielded her immortal ing to speak of at Florence, and a great de- of decent ciothes. They hadn't far to go for jewel to thet, and passed from earth so calmly the cloth.

Next day, when Gerard went to ask the MSS., and Gerard, though he knew the Greek Cure to marry him, the reverend father ob-

"This has been discussed, and it is matter of great doubt whether you are not married. so, it were a sin to repeat the cerem this were to throw doubt upon a sacrament.' Gerard exclaimed and entreated, and at last it was settled thus: No fresh banns; the words the Cure had uttered last not to be :--peated; the service to be taken up from that receipt for cleaning vellum. He had laid the point; the marriage to be registered as having interruption having been laic, profane, illegal, On those terms, the Cure consente read the rest of the mutilated service and to take the fees.

The piece of parchment was a covenant by which Ghysbrecht had advanced money, many years ago, to Floris Brandt on the security certain lands and houses, Ghysbrecht to draw the rents until said sum shall be repaid; but, comparing the income with the debt and date of loan, it was clear it had been repaid this sixteen years, yet Ghysbrecht had quietly gene on holding the property without a rag of titledeed; and, trusting to the learned Peter's stu-pidity, had set it affoat that he had bought it of Floris Brandt. Thus, not only the property was Peter's, but the back rents for many y As for the title-deeds, Gerard rummaged the philosopher's house without much hope. has cut them up for labels," said he. Unjust! they were detected innocuously lining a drawer which was full of the seeds of medicinal herbs and really arranged with considerable method

Gerard's father was a shrewd man, and had many friends in Tergou. He and his party took the matter up, and threatened to in dict (thysbrecht if he did not instantly refund. These pressing him hard on one side and the clergy, whom he had affronted, on the other, Ghysbrecht's ruin and disgrace impended. But the old fox contrived to give his foes the slip. He was found dead in his bed one morning, not without some suspicion of having hastened an exit desirable for himself and others. His heir, a distant relative and a just man, deprecated scandal, and accounted to Poter, or rather to Gerard, his son-in-law and man of business, for every farthing due. Gerard and Margaret then removed to Rotterdam, taking with them Peter, who met with more honor is the city than in the village, and had the glory of curing several personages—among the rest a heathen belonging to the Duke. He lived to a great age, cherished tenderly by his good son and daughter. He soon ceased to be aware that they were not both his children by blood.

Gerard and Margaret, like many that meet in routh more than their share of trouble, enjoy ed more happiness and tranquillity than fall to

The Duke, on the report of his giant, sent flaming messengers for Giles to come to court. Vain was all remonstrance. The Duke's word was law. Catherine made Giles ready, weeping bitterly. It was an irreparable loss. could have spared Sybrandt or Cornelis; she had two black sheep; but she had but one dwarf.

with privileges. Item: on account of his small size he was permitted to speak the truth. It sounded so odd at court. It is a disagreeable thing at best; but he contrived to make it ore so by bellowing it. Sybrandt achieved a broken neck without help of halter, I forget how. Cornelis, free from all rivals, and forgiven long ago by his mother, who clung to him nore and more now all her brood was scattered, waited, and waited, and waited, for his parent's decease. But his mother's shrewd word came true; ere she and her mate wore out, this worthy rusted away. At sixty-five he lay dying of old age in his mother's arms, she a hale woman of eighty-six. He had lain unconmorts, and seeing her near him, told her how his arms round both the women, speechless he would transmogrify the shop and premises as soon as they should be his. Ah! my darling! my darling!" cried his ling," said the poor old woman, soothingly; mother, as only a mother can cry; and Mar- and in another minute he was clay. And that garet clung tight to him with one long moan clay was followed to the grave by all the shoes of love, and sobbed, and laughed, and wept he had waited for. After his death the old pon his neck.

But words have not the power to paint and came for them, and made them sell their joy so sudden, so wild, so all overpowering. shop and goods, and live under his wing as he An hour later, Gerard sat between the two, had once under theirs. His house was large, kissing a check of each alternately, as he told chimney-corner, and he and his good Margaret forced comforts on them they would by Dear Gerant, 'twas my letter brought of habit have denied themselves. They sat "No, Margaret. I got no letter. 'Twas this little heads, and smiled at one another, and happy end of lives well spent! All the pas sions gone; all the affections left. Good citi sens they were, and good spouses; they reared many children in probity and plety, and never did holy wedlock show holier or more lovely than in this aged, happy pair, whose solace it

Long and long before this little Kate had left angel in her face for a long abode on earth. She smiled too in pain, another sign. Life gave her but few joys, so it was just that death should come to her without his frown and thus he ame. She was seized with a sudden lassitude, and a cessation of that pain which had been her ompanion from infancy. Her mother tried to

your father, and you are no more like me than the best man can't buffet good machinery. He face was scraphic, and her hand crept alterthe tekens of the father's love, so faithfully pushed on to fixty, afraid printing would get there before him. The Burgomaster's money enabled him to travel more quickly than most sometimes rejoiced, over all their troubles now pedestrians, but when he get to Florence his happily ended, their glistening eyes and nimble content; and so, having disposed of her little saw his little fingers close on them, she smiled none saw her go. Gerard begged to have he crutches, that she had changed so well for angel's pinions. And he set them in his orstory form of a cross. For he said : "They were my darling sister's crutches, but now they are

> His memory of her never waxed dim : when he was quite an old man he still spoke of her with tears in his eyes as of the one mortal creature he had known pure from all earthly END OF A GOOD PROFT.

NEW POEM BY MRS. BROWNING.

In the London Athensum, of September 24th re find the following characteristic poem on Italian politics. It is accompanied by a note writer and a comment of the editor as follows :---

"The good and true politics of this poem you, being Kinglish, will dissent from altoga-ther. Say so, if you please, but let me in. Brike—but hear. K. B. H.

We need not say how much we respect the poeters—for we insert her tale—nor, though we give it circulation, how far we dissent from her present reading of the riddle of the Sphinx.—Editor of Athennum.

A TALE OF VILLAPRANCA, AS TOLD IN TURCANT.

My little son, my Florentine, Sit down beside my knee. And I will tell you why the sign Of joy which flushed our Italy Has faded since but yesternight. And why your Florence of delight Is mourning as you see

A great man (who was erowned one day). Imagined a great deed He shaped it out of cloud and clay He touched it finely till the seed Possessed the flower from heart and brain He fed it with large thoughts humane,

To help a people's need

He brought it out into the sun They blessed it to his face-Oh, great pure Deed, that hast undone So many bad and base " Oh, generous deed, heroic deed, Come forth, be perfected, succeed. Deliver by God's grace "

Then sovereigns, statesmen, porth and south Rose up in wrath and fear, And cried, protesting by one mouth What monster have we here A great deed at this time of day ' A great, just deed, and not for pay Absurd, or insincere

"And if sincers, the heavier blow In that case we must bear, For where a our blessed status que Our holy treaties, where,-Our rights to sell a race, or buy, Protect and pillage, occupy, And civilize despair

Some muttered that "the great deed meant A great pretext to sin . And others, "the pretest so lent Was beinous, (to begin) "Volcanic terms of great and just " Admit such tongues of flame, the crust Of time and law falls in

And those lamented, "From this source What red blood must be posted " And these rejuined, " The even worse What red tare is ignored All cursed the Poer for an exil. Called here, enlarging on the Devil There, monkeying the Lord

VIII

Nome said. It could not be explained. Some could not be caused.

And others. Leave it unrestrain Gehenna a self is boosed. And all eried . Crush it, main it, gas it. not dog toothed live to tear it ragged, Truncated and traduced

But He steed and before the sun The people felt their fate. The world is many, I am one My great deed was too great tind a fruit of matice stress slow My brothers we must wait

The tale is ended child of mine, Turned graver at my knee-They say your eyes my Plorentine Are Luglish it may be And yet I've marked as blue a pair Following the dones nor se the square, At Venue by the sea

XI

Ah child ah child, I cannot say A word more You concerve The reason now who just to day

PORNIGN NEWS

DRATE OF MINISTER MASON—RUNORS OF COMUSE PEARS OF MINISTER MASON—REMORS OF COMING WARS IN ITALY—ACCUPING AND BARDERIA MAR-ISO WARLER PREPARATIONS—PARSON ARIT IN ITALY TO BE RESPONDED—DERM OF MODIFIA AND TESCARY PREPARISO TO ATTACK TER ARRY OF CENTRAL ITALY—MINISTER WARD GOING TO PEKIN IN A BOX.

PERIN IN A Box.

The North Briton arrived on the 16th, bringing news to the 5th inst.

Mr. Mason, U. S. Minister to Prance, died auddenly of apoplexy on the 3d inst.

The London Times nays that the agents of the French, Austrian, and Sardinian precuments are soliciting tenders from Raglish iron hondors, for large quantities of rifled cannon.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent in speaking of the presparation for war in Prance, says, that not a single man in the army hos yet been sent home on renewable furlough, and only these entitled to discharge in Doumber next have obtained it. Not a single ship has been dismantied and active measures of defense are progressing at the ports.

ber next have obtained it. Not a single ship has been dismantled and active measures of defense are progressing at the ports.

The Zurich Conference, says the Paris Patrie, have agreed upon the treaty of peace, which will be signed in a few days. It will confirm the cossion of Lombardy, and contain a settlement of the Lombardy, and contain a settlement of the Lombardy, and contain a settlement of the Lombardy and control in the settled by the Kuropean Congress.

The London Times denounces the conduct of them. Harney at San Juan, and believes the right of Great Britain to the biland too strong for sophistry to overcome. The affair had caused considerable disquiet in the money market—but which seemed to be subsiding.

The Raglish papers publish an interesting letter from Kossuth, expressing the keenest grief at the Villa Pranca arrangement at the moment when the deliverance of his country was within reach. He says he returns to Kagland again a poor exile, only ton years older from the bilter panys of disappointment. He derives some consolation, however, from the events of the war, and is strengthened in the conviction that Hungary will yet be free. He says that he insisted on a double stipulation on behalf of the Hungarian prisoners of war, who were enrolled under his banner, via: that of exemption from further Austrian military service, and France has obtained these conditions from Austria.

The Great Eastern will leave Portland on har

vice, and France has occasional on his from Austria.

The Great Eastern will leave Portland on his trial trip October Sth, arriving in Holyhead about the 11th. If the trial trip is successful, it is still intended to despatch the vessel to ea on the 20th

It is still intended to despatch the vessel to America on the 20th. Gold is again very plenty in England. Discounts are being made at ½ per cent. The latest rumor says that the preparations for the French expedition to China have been suspended, and the indications of a backing down by France are apparent.

Marshal Wiel's order of the day, on joining the troops at Toulouse, has been construed into an admission that peace is not likely to last long.

ITALY.—The Sardinian Government has sent a circular note to the representatives of the

a circular note to the representatives of the Kuropean Courts, arging the formation of a Kingdom of Upper Italy, sufficiently strong to keep in check the domineering tendencies of Austria. Such a State would, it is said, tran-quillize the mind of Kurope, and fulfil the just wishes of those Italian countries which have lately shaken off a tyrannical governmen. It is asserted that the Pope has order delivery of his passports to the Sardini

Gen. Garibaldi has been enthusiastically recentral that has been enthusiastically re-ceived at Bologna. In the order of the day issued by Gen. Fanti, he promises that the tri-color of Italy, preceded by the old cross of Savoy, will precede the troops of Central Italy in fresh battles, and forever free Italy from the

Savoy, will preceded by troops of Central Raly in fresh battles, and forever free Italy from the stranger.

Oen. Garibaldi has issued a proclamation, summoning the Italians of the Legations to arms, and a collision is shortly expected.

The Paris Monitor repudiates the idea that the Emperor desires to place a French prince on the Italian throne.

It was reported that Austria and Sardinia are making warlike preparations, and that the French army of occupation is to be reinforced.

China.—The Paris Pays says. 'The last news from Shanghai establishes, beyond a doubt, the arrival of Mr. Ward, the American Envey, at Fekin. This diplomatist ascended the Kitcheon-yun-ho, one of the branches of Peiho, accompanied by all the members of his legation.'

The American corvette, which brought Mr. Ward, was retained in port. The members of the legation were placed in a luge box, about five metres long by three broad, which was closed everywhere but above, so as to prevent those it contained from seeing the country. This box, or travelling chamber, provided with all things necessary to the combirt of the travellers, was placed on a raft, and taken first up the river and then up the Imperial canal, as far as the gate of the capital. Here it was placed on a large truck, drawn by exen, and in this way the Minister of the United States and the members of his legation entered the city of Pekin. They were perfectly well treated by the Chinese, but were not allowed to see anything. The truck was drawn into the court yard of a large hence, which was to be the residence of the American Knewy, but they were not to be allowed to go out.

At the last dates they were avaiting their interview with the Emperor. They had not been allowed to have any commonwanten with the outer world, but were permitted to son! a despatch to Mr. Pesh, the American Coincul at Shanghai, informing him of their safety.

After the interview, the American Minister was to be reconfidence in the feet of the frontier in the

hanghai, informing him of their safety.

After the interview, the American Minister

mains in a very unsatisfactory state. Nego-tiations extending over two days between the master builders and a deputation from the operative masons had been brought to a lose without any favorable result, and the breach between the employers and the employed was becoming wider than before.

The Times Paris corner

between the employers and the employed was becoming wide than before. The Times Paris correspondent says—"The latest and most accredited report respecting italy is, that the Grand Duke of Modera will regain his throne, not by forelish means, but by an appeal to unmost sufficiency accompanied by the grand of a constitution, and by a general atmostly that the Duchess of Parina will leave Modera, and that Parina will remain leave Modera, and that Parina will remain exampline partisons have now given up all hopeon being sunshipated from Paparisie." The Herald's Paris correspondent, says—"The Huke of Misteria is at the head of 10,000 troops, backed by 5,000 mine under the Grand Duke of Tussany. Kuthermation has collected some 19,000, of when about one-third are Croats, and the remainder Swiss, and he has gone to Vienna, it is said, to organize a plan of attack against Pastics' army of Central Rody, now some entrated around Romini, whilst the Arch Dukes would operate from the North. Pistmont is also eagerly preparing for the fray." Rumor says that the Pope contemplates abandoning kome, and again taking refuge at Goeta. Naples betters of the 27th, state that 15,000 soldiers had been sent to the franciers, and that 10,000 more would follow.

The Missarra—cet 5—contem-lateriorqualities had suffered a parinal getting of 169,40 on the

POWMEROY ABBEY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT PARM " "THE BOCK." Ac., Ac.

Never was there a more gloomy structure than that of the old Abber of Pommeroy, with the Pommerovs had outrun their income: but its gray walls, overgrown in places with lichen moss, its narrow Gothic ente, and its decaying towers. It was in with the scenery that rose around. ded on a wild part of the coast of England, it was flanked by bleak and bold rocks on the side, and by a dark forest on the other. Not that the trees were in close proximity to the abby ; from the abbey gates descended a Pos poor, were honored with the title of viltaking its name from their cite, "Abbeyland;" the hill wound round to the right, and ruse the dark and gloomy forest. In days long gone by, in the time of the Norman kings, this place had been the stronghold of the De crove: then they seemed to have dwindled away and disappeared, and the abbey was for a century or two the abode of monks. After

that, it had been rebuilt, and of later years. It

roys, who professed to be lineal descendants of

come again into the hands of the Pomm

religion, though they dropped the "de."

The lord of Pommerny Abbey—though only Mr. Pommercy, he was always styled "the lord"-had four sons, Guy, Rupert, George, and Leolin; Guy of course being the heir The two runnger we need not notice just new, for they were absent; George was with his regiment, though he had very recently been enjourning at home, and Leolin was abroad Juy and Rupert were remarkably tall, nearly six feet three, but there the resemblance apparently ended. Guy was of a pale complexion, import chartly, his features, in themselves well formed, were rendered plain by their exceedingly stern expression, and by his possessing what is called a hare lip. In Rupert's features might be traced a great resemblance to Guy's, but only by a close observer, for his complexion was more fresh and beautiful than is often owned by man, the expression of his face was the form of his mouth was of surpassing sweet ness. A stranger, looking at the two for the more unlike that the one was a model of beauty, the other almost of deformity; but as he became accustomed to their features, the likeness would have grown upon him.

The breakfast-table was spread in the abbey breakfast-room, and Miss Pommercy waited for Nothing is settled. her father and brothers. She was tall, as they were her complexion sallow, though not so white as tiny's, indeed, Guy imparted the idea of a man whose color has been tarily scared from him by fright; and her hair was darker than theirs. She was named Joan, after a Dame Joan de l'ommeroy, who had been famous in the reign of King John, and was sald to bear a strong resemblance to her, which probably was only one of those flights some people delight to indulge in, since no portrait of Dame Joan was extant it did not appear that one ever had been. Miss Fommeroy had returned but the ried sister, and now stood at the narrow win dows, looking out at the scene she had not seen the dream which fired her ambition

Rupert !" she exclaimed. "I see the smoke I suppose you have grown intimate with its

"Gur har"

He and the lord are there often. Indeed. I began to think that we were going to be precented gratis with a lady-in-law

Rapert !" interrupted Niss Pommerov, in a tone of rebuke

"Until I found that the scent lay in a different direction," continued the unmoved Ru-"I was mistaking the affair altogether while I fancied the widower and the widow might be doing a little courting on their own father. account, it appears they were only courting for

Miss Pommerov turned her eves full on her But Rupert was silent.

"The son-and-heir is to settle." cried Ru-

Miss Pommercy. "You have all been too ex- old chief could but have known its cause! travagant for him to think of marrying; the in the abbey will not answer."

establishment—if he gets her. She has five-and-twenty thousand pounds." Are you speaking of the mother or the

Jangliter ! Well done, Joan ' The mother is double

Guy's age-or getting on for it."

But-will-she, the daughter, have Ouy !" slowly and doubtfully ejaculated Miss Pom-

Rupert had opened one of the narrow cas ments, and put his head out. Whistling to one of his pointers, which was below, with the gamekeeper, Gaunt.

"Rupert! Rupert!" exclaimed his sister, petulantly stamping her foot, "you know when I want to hear a thing I must hear it.-I say, will Alice Wylde have tiny?

Rupert drew in his head.

"You had better ask that of Guy him-

given out that they were rich, but twenty five kept safe amidst the stunted trees that skirted

That's true. Her father was in India; a what was to be seen. or merchant-something they make fortunes at, out there-and she in-

Guy he saw his son-and-heir ; and his constant illusions to his being such, had caused it to be a by-word of ridicule, as attached to Guy. Haughty, arrogant, and fearful spendthrift had reached the age of eight-and-twenty with out thought of marrying, when the White to loiter in the garden, just when the sun is se changed its teffants, and became bited by the widow and daughter of Mr

But not for the sake of her fortune did Gay Pommeroy think of sacrificing his liberty; the ernys were of that class who love the the hill, where a few houses, most of them liberty and license of single life; that the mo-kerchief, corner wise, and threw it over her ney may have added weight to the inducement was probable, but the fresh beauty of Alice had caught his eye and his heart. those cold natures, such as was Guy's, de love, they love passionately; and with an impassioned fervor that is not often equalled, had Guy Pommeroy learned to love Alice Wylde.

"Guy," began Miss Pommeroy, with little regard to his feelings or to her own good manners, "Rupert says you want to marry Miss Wylde. Will she have you !"

the ancient family, and retained their form of A hot scarlet flush illumined Guy's white beek; proving, of itself, how very deep his love had gone. He drew himself up hangh-"Let Rupert concern himself with his fish

> ing and his shooting, and his other more questionable-sports; but let him not concern himself with me He rang the bell as he spoke, and his father's

> erving man of fifty years. "The lord breakfasts in his room," said

Yes, sir, I know it," replied Jerome. "He has slept badly."

Miss Pommeroy had turned to the breakfast table. She could not domineer over Guy, as she sometimes did over Rupert; not that the latter heeded her domineering, for he was good tempered and careless. Once, when Guy had the arms of Rupert Pommeroy. leclined to tell her something she wished to winning though somewhat free and bold, and know, and she had teased him to anger, he struck her a blow, and her face retained the tark for days. She said no more to Guy now first time, would have said never were brothers but in the course of the day she questioned er father | was Guy to marry Alice Wylde

Mr. Pommerov looked up Who has made you so wise !"

"It is no business of Rupert's or of any one's

"Neither will it be," exclaimed Miss Pomroy, speaking what she thought. "I do not

she would have Guy." Not have Guy!" uttered Mr. Pemmerey "I can tell you that an alliance with the future ford of Pommerov is what many a young lady. far higher in position and lineage would kneed for. She and Mrs. Wylde non it

in the right light, and are eager for it. So far as Mrs. Wylde went, Mr. Pommero judged rightly. She was an ambitious woman, dwelling too much upon the advantage accruing from "family," as those, not well born, are apt to do. In Guy Pommeroy, she night before from a six months' visit to a mar- saw all that was to be desired; and to make Alice the future "lady of Pommeroy," was

But, if tiny was courted to the White House Rupert was not. He had at one time gone th of the White House chimneys, curling there. ther as much as his brother, but a faint and very disagreeable suspicion had dawned sud new inmates; you were in the way for it when denly upon Mrs. Wylde; and that was, that her daughter was getting to enjoy the society of the handsome Rupert more than that of Guy. Never, from that hour, was Rupert Pommercy admitted within the doors; call when he would, there was an excuse ready Mrs. Wylde was out, or Mrs. Wylde was en-

The day pasted on to the evening and the family dined alone, a somewhat notable circumstance, for the abbey was generally rich in guests. Rupert rose from table when his sister did, and strolled out : Guy remained with his

Where have you been all the aftern demanded the lord. "At the White House!"

"I called in there," replied Guy, beother, asking an explanation as plainly as ... When do you mean to bring matters to a close? Speak to her offhand, boy, and don't has vexed him. Just hark, Mr. Rupert." Teil me what you mean," she said, impa- be afraid. I never knew that a Pommeroy could

Guy Pemmeroy's livid face turned scarlet, a "He has been pacing like this for two him, she looked born to adorn a coronet. With far deeper scarlet than that called up by Joan's hours," continued Jerome: and Rupert laugh-Gay cannot afford it," again exclaimed bold question in the morning. If the proud ed within himself as he went to his own cham-

"There is plenty of time," replied Guy, in a lord has often told him so. Where is to be his tone that concealed the evasiveness of the paid a formal visit to Miss Pommeroy : is not good for you."

useless word you drop in a day, Joan," laughed Rupert Fommerey. "Guy will afford an for fashion's sake; I never got used to it as a do so, observing that the abbey had a gentleyoun man, and can't as an old one. In my men's dinner-party that evening, and she day, Guy, the creed was to despise everything should not be wanted. So Mrs. Wylde dis

ing another attack, I know."

"Jerome would fear his own shadow, if

beyond view of the abbey, and then he mended upright, with handsome features of a highhis pace, and went as if he were walking for a cast, that would have done honor to a coronet. wager. It was a lovely summer's evening. and the setting sun threw its red and golden light across the heavy trees in the distance. Cutting across some fields, by a sheltered path, he emerged from them at the back of the White House, and entered its garden by a small

Not to the open part of it; no. Rupert Pommercy dared not do that, lest he should en-"Is it true that she has so much! It was counter the lynx eyes of Mrs. Wylde. He wall, and peeped out beyond them to see

He saw a bright looking girl of radiant mien, her dark brown hair shining in the slanting beams of the sun, and her cheeks damask "She will never have Guy; she is too bean- with expectation. She was in an evening of white, and were a small, thin, gold a summer as hot as this, and, in the teeth of

bist, Joan!" broke off Rupert; "here he comes, the sen-and-heir," here arms; and she was filtring from bad to up. Her mother went off in a waste," he bed, plucking a flower from one, stooping to added, dropping his voice, "and I remember that the sent of another, and drawing furshe was cold always, after it began. If I ther from the windows of the house; drawing, and sisters, but his father doted on him; in as if unconsciously, and without any apparent

A lady appeared at the dining-room window, which was open.

se Alline." Well, mamma ?"

"I wish you would put a scarf over your shoulders. You are sure to choose this hour full upon it."

"Mamma, I shall not take cold."

at its setting as at mid-day." Allow Walde folded her laced pocket-hand-

"You have not drunk your wine," pursued

"I don't want it, thank you."

Mrs. Wylde turned from the window, and, eaching over the dessert table for the place of wine which stood near Alice's plate, drank it herself. Mrs. Wylde was too fond of wine-of course in a lady-like way; nothing more is meant-to waste it, and she then filled her own glass again, and sat down.

Mrs. Wylde was one who enjoyed ner; it is a weakness obtaining amidst ladies who have approached, what they would call, the meridian of life; and Mrs. Wylde not unquently fell into a doze after it, and she nioved that as much as her dinner.

Alice Wylde had not been reared in a good school. A girl, who has, will not deceive her mother in word or deed, scarcely in thought; and, rely upon it, where deceit is practiced to ersonal attendant entered; Jerome, a faithful a mother, a day of retribution too surely comes; it may be soon, or it may be late, but come it will, and does. She flitted from flower to shrub, and from shrub to flower, gradually drawing round the wind of the lawn, beyoud the sight of her mother's eyes, had her mother remained to look; which Alice did not fear for she knew her mother's indolent and self-indulgent habits. In another moment, she was in the midst of the sheltering trees, and in

> "Oh, Rupert, I have been wishing for this ening to come ! I have been longing to tell ne news. Guy called this afternoon and thewoman." seked me to be his wife.

eve him, and it was of no use his asking. Rupert laughed, and held her closer.

What did he say ?" I hardly knew what he said; I was con He said that he loved me as no other nan had ever loved, for his passions were vehement within him : and then came something bout his being Guy Pommeroy, of Pommero Abbey.

You might have told him that one other t any rate, loved you as passionately as he How did it end, Alice ?

"He would not take my refusal: he did not om to believe in it : he said young ladies did t know their own minds, and that he should pover give me up while he had life. He said he should come to the White House as usual, grant him a different answer. I told him if he did continue to come, he must consider himself mamma's visitor, not mine."

Rupert drew her face to his, and kept there while he whispered his sweet vows of She resisted not; for, passionately as Guy Pommeroy loved Alice, so did she, in her turn, love Rupert. Thus the time pass ed all too swiftly for those, wrapt in the of the other's presence, in the melody of ove's golden chords; and the light was fading, and the sun had set, and the even ing star shone in the heavens, when Alice Wylde stele into the house, and aroused be mother from her slumbers, her heart living over again the stolen interview, and her blush ing cheeks crimson with the pressure of Ru pert's lips.

Rupert did not go straight home, as appeared, for it was late when he enteredbecome met him. "All in bed?" asked Ru

All but Mr. Ouv. sir. He is in the oak m, walking about; I'm afraid something

Rupert listened. Guy's heavy tread sounded

ber. "Alice for him, indeed!"

On the following day, Mrs. and Miss Wylde separate establishment; and two households words. "Father, drink claret; so much port return would bring ladies to the abbey again; and there were families within visiting di "I hate the claret," said Mr. Pommeroy; tance. They invited her to go back with head. missed her carriage, for they thought it would "But think of the gont, sir. Jerome is fear- be pleasant to walk through the village to-

In going along they met Guy and Rupert, you'd let him," said the lord of Pommeroy. who were with Gaunt, the gamekeeper, the Rupert strailed becausely alone until he was latter a fine specimen of humanity, tall and The Pommeroys were fond of saying that he traced back his descent to the famed John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, noted in the days of the second Richard. Our stopped, of course, and Rupert shook hands with the ladise in his gay way. Miss Pommeroy turned

to Gaunt How is Subilla !"

"She is not well, Miss Pommerov : I can't make her out. She seems to have lost her and thin.

"What ails her?" questioned Joan.

Gaunt, shaking his head. "She thinks it is the summer heat that overcomes her, and won't have a doctor: but we have had many her saying it, she is cold, and wrape herself ing, and made no reply, for she had none to curled up.

self, for the is all I have got left to comfort

"I will call in and see her," said Joan.

may spare a minute now, as we go by."
"I wish you would, Miss Pommeroy. And perhaps you'll give me your opinion of her afterwards. If you think advice is necessary, I'll have it, whether Sybilla will, or not.

Rupert, bold and undaunted, in spite of the eyes of Mrs. Wylde, and the presence of Guy, se to monopolize the attention of Alic "I don't suppose you will, but you'll tan Little loth was she; and Mrs. Wylde said your neck. The hot summer sun tans as much adieu hastily, and the ladies walked on.

At the extremity of the straggling village, in what had been the lodge, centuries aco, be the village was built, lived Gaunt. Although ostensibly performing the duties of gamekeeper to the Pommeroy estate, he was paid servant; a small patrimony placed him beyond want, and it is probable that in his heart he considered himself almost equal to the Potumerova Inst as Mr. Potumerov orded it over his servants, so did Gaunt lord t over the two keepers under him. The cottage, a picturesque building, containing four rooms, stood back from the road and was sheltered by trees, and a bench was on the green in front. As they came near it, Mrs. Wylde complained of the heat.

Then suppose you sit down here and rest an instant," proposed Joan, pointing to the bench, "while I go in-doors to see Sy

Mrs. Wylde started back as if she had been struck. "To see Sybilla Gaunt! My dear Miss Pommeroy

"I will not keep you two minutes, Mrs. Wylde. I am anxious about her. Her father says she is ill."

'Miss Pommeroy!" repeated Mrs. Wylde, a tone of strong remonstrance," not so in there; to see her. You have no mo ther, my dear, therefore you must excuse my interposing, so far, in the light of one. Joan Pommeroy, haughty and self-opinion

ated by nature and by education, drew herself up. "You do not yet know Sybilla Gaunt, I see, or you would scarcely speak of her disparagingly. She has been exceedingly well brought up, and her education has been almost-yes, I may say, almost that of a gen

So I have heard. But no good ever comof educating girls in her sphere of life; and "I told him I was very sorry, for I did not thus it has proved here. My dear Miss Pommeroy, since you left, the girl has turned out o be-to be-in short, not respectable."

The two ladies stood looking at one another, on asking the explanation with her even fused, and only caught up the sense of his that her lips disdained to utter. Alice traced her parasol and listened rather amused at the

What did you say " demanded Joan hose flery Pommeroy blood was rising.

"My dear, there's no cause for you to put ourself out," said Mrs. Wylde. "It is an very-day affair with village beauties; always as been, and always will be. Sybilla Gaunt no longer respectable, and you must drop all communication with her."

Joan Pommercy's eyes flashed; she could be as passionate as her eldest brother. "It is and he hoped that in a few weeks I should false, whoever says it," she uttered. "How dare my father and my brothers suffer tales to go about to the prejudice of Sybilla Gaunt ! They are the lords of the soil, and they ought have stopped them."

Mrs. Wylde gave vent to a short, friendly "My dear, you will have to abando laugh. our favorable prejudices," she quietly said. Sybilla Gaunt is not respectable.

Am I respectable?" returned the angry Joan. "You may as well say that I am not. I pray you wait for me, for I shall go in to see

Allowing no further opposition, and preared to fling it off, had it been offered, Miss Pommeroy walked to the lodge door, and enered without knocking: she was in no fram of mind to heed the decorums of life: indeed, they obtained short favor from her at the best times. The room, it was the common sit ting-room, the kitchen being at the back, semed in a litter, and Sybilla Gaunt sat in it, her head bent down and resting on the table. A shawl, that she appeared to have had on, had fallen to the ground.

She was exceedingly like her father, tall and stately, with the same noble features, and the a dark eves, and raven hair: like a faint exclamation of dismay, she sprang up when she saw Miss Pommeroy, her pale features-not naturally pale, but pale, as it appeared, from illness-grew flushed, and she pick ed up the shawl to throw it overher. Inherhaste and confusion, she defeated her own object, and the shawl somehow alighted in a heap on her In stretching up her arms to right it, Joan Pommeroy obtained a full view of her and Joan Pommeroy fell back against the wall and her spirit turned faint within her.

Joan did not speak : she only looked at her and Sybilla's trembling hands busied themselves in adjusting the shawl, and the transient crimson of her face faded to a death-like white-

What is this ?" asked Joan, at length. What is-what?" returned Sybilla.

"I met your father, and he told me you were ill," harshly repeated Joan. "What is giving this illness, I ask?" "Don't frighten me, Miss Pommeroy," gasp-

ed Sybilla, who looked ready to faint.

brother Guy's. Sybilla choked down a gasping breath before she left in a faint, nervous tone, and in jumping sen-

"The heat this summer-has been bear, Guy !" health and spirits, and her face is quite drawn great-it has made me ill-it has overpowered Joan Pommeroy heard her to an end, bend-"It's more than I can tell," returned ing her stern, searching eyes upon her. "It right; at his death it will lapse back to you. is the heat that overpowers you !- the heat, you say? Then why do you wear a shawl to

her hand upon her throat, as if to still its beat-

Her mother went off in a waste," he make. Miss Peramerov stepped close up to "Do you think you can deceive me! No

should lose Sybills-why, I'd rather go my- though you have succeeded, it would appear, in blinding your father. You have been mad, Sybilla Gaunt; mad. You have degraded yourself to a level with the

"Do not say too muck, Miss Pommeroy," interrupted Sybilla, in a low tone.

"I know and see sufficient. I know that warned not to subject myself to contact with you. Shame upon you! you, who were the stay of your father! you, who have boasted of Saunt, I would as soon have believed ill of myself as of you."

Miss Pommeroy gathered up her petticoats, as if to guard them against contami ion with the door-sill, and swept out. Mrs. Wylde was that never would return then sitting on the bench, and Alice was look ing up the road. Mrs. Wylde rose when she saw Miss Pommeroy.

"Come, Alice what are you looking at? Oh. I see. Mr. Guy Pommerov is there.

Joan turned her head in the direction. "Guy and Rupert; and Gaunt also," uttered. Well, my dear Miss Pommeroy, are you

asked Mrs. Wylde, "What does she look like " "Like what you said," returned Joan, harshly

"Of course: there is no possibility of mistaidiot. Who is it that has led her to it !" inter-

rupted Miss Pommeroy, in the same abrupt "There I cannot enlighten you: people are shy of talking. She has always, as I hear,

How very beautiful she is !" suddenly exlaimed Alice Wylde.

Who, child ! Sybilla Gaunt, mamm

"Oh," said Mrs. Wylde, scornfully. Handsome is as handsome does, ' was a sayof my old mother's. Sybilla Gaunt bad better have been born ugly enough to frighten Late in the evening Jerome came for Miss.

Commercy. He brought bad news. The lord had been taken ill, very ill, and Mr. Guy was with him. And Mr. Rupert !" returned Joan, "where

he, that he could not have come for me !" Mr. Rupert went out when the gentlemen left Miss Pomercy. The lord would not let it

be known in the dining-room that he was ill." But as they were passing through the village, haracters on the dusty road with the and of they heard fast footsteps behind them. It was Rupert, and he gave his arm to his sister. Jo e told him of his father's illness.

> "The gout again," remarked Rupert. And a bad attack it will be," I know, re turned Jerome

So you always say, Jerome," said Mr. Ru-

ert.
"Well, sir, we shall see, I fear." "Alice will marry Guy," whispered Joan to Rupert whistled. "Oh, you think so !"

I judge from probabilities. Mrs. Wylde was talking about her affairs to-day. She has complete power over Alice, for if the latter marwithout her consent, the money leaves her, and Mrs. Wylde can will it to whom she pleases, except to Alice. No girl in her senses would forfeit five-and-twenty thousand pounds. So what is she to do? Mrs. Wylde is bent upon Guy.

Not she," cried Rupert.

"That Alice is looking forward to the prosability of being lady of Pommeroy, she let slip We had been talking about the abbey: what a gloomy, tumble-down old pile it is, except the portion that we inhabit, and Alice sank nto thought. 'I shall have it so renovated that no one will know it to be the same, ' she uddenly exclaimed: 'I shall make it the admiration of the county. I mean, she corected herself, blushing and laughing, 'that I should do that if I were its master."

Rupert still whistled softly to himself, smiling His sister inquired why he was laugh

To think of the changes that must take place, ere she could be the abbey's lady. The deaths, for instance." "Only papa's, Rupert. Guy will be its lord hopes and his tormentings. So she spoke out:

Rupert did not answer; but his smile wore did not weigh her words. the same curious expression. As they approached the abbey, lights were

earning from several of its front windows. and they seemed to be passing from room to "What is it? what can have happened?"

sav it! uttered Rupert. "The lord's worse! I know he is!" cried

Jerome, apprehensively. "You are always ready to prophecy evil, Je-"I feel sure he is, sir," the old servant an-

ewered. "And," he added to Rupert, in his agitation, "if ever I saw coming death upon a face. I have seen it the last day or two upon my poor master's." Jerome was right : Mr. Pommeroy was worse. It was a violent attack of gout in the stomach.

In his room Rupert and Miss Pommeroy found Guy, a priest, and two medical men. He was directions to Guy, as well as his pain allowed him. "Jerome is getting old," he was saying as

they entered: "you, Guy, with a young wife, "Answer me, I say," repeated Joan Pomme- and probably a young family, will be wanting roy, her face as stern, at that moment, as her young servants, and, it may be, he will not suit you long. He has saved wages, and I have him something more, and it is my desire could answer, and when she did speak, it was that the keep shall be his, to reside in, after he you. leaves you, for so long as he shall live. Do you

"Yes," was the reply.

"Give him the keep for his own, to have exclusive control over, just as if it were his, by Give me your promise."

"I promise, father," said Guy. "Father, I increase it?" And Sybilla Gaunt only laid also promise," added Rupert.

Guy looked at his brother, and his ugly lip

"Where is the use of your prowill not be the abbey's lord.

"In case it should lapse to me during Jerome's lifetime," returned Rupert; and at this suggested possibility, Guy's lip carled up

the me The old man died. And Guy was the lord of 11.

A lovely spring day. The hedges were clothed in their luxuriant green, the sky was the truth is whispered outside, and that I was darkly blue with an earnest of returning sum mer, and the grass, growing long, was intermixed with cowslips and blue-bells, and the long, deep-pink flowers that children call a descent from the Plantagenets! Sybilla cuckoos, Alice Wylde sat on a low stile near her home, looking at the wild flowers, and thinking pensively of the happy years of her childhood, when her greatest delight had been to go into the fields and gather such, delights

She was deeply unhappy. Loving Rupert Pommeroy with all the intensity of an impas sioned and not well-disciplined heart, this long absence from him had seemed like a separatio of years. About six weeks subsequen Pommeroy's death, Rupert left the abbey. A very slender provision indeed was bequeathed "Let us get on : I do not want to to him, only a few thousands, but an appoint ment had long been promised him under government. Guy had graciously intimated that he was welcome to make the abbey his home until it should be given, but Rupert pleaded business, and left. Guy suspected his motives that he had some debts, and that at present is was convenient his place of residen king it. And her father is a-in fact, an, not be so decidedly known. Rupert's secret plea to Alice was, that unless he went to London to look after this promised appointment, might never come, and in secret they took their leave. But that was last September; and now it was April, nearly May, and he had never come back again! held herself quite aloof from the village rus-

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There had been another desertion from Ab seyland, and the deserter was Sybilla Gaunt. She also did not come back; and she had been gone nearly as long as Rupert. It was known that the gamekeeper received letters from her, and he seemed tolerably easy in mind: no on dared to speak to him of his loss, for he could put down impertinence, whether from rich of poor, with as high a hand as the old lord himself had done, in his haughiest days. Captain Penmeroy had come down at his father's death, and had gone again when the funeral was over; and Leolin was abroad still. Miss lived at the abbey with Guy : and Alice Wylde is sitting on the low field stile there looking at the flowers, with eyes that see them not.

She steps off the stile and leans against it for she hears footsteps approaching; and, though the healge hides the intruder, she knows them to be the lord of Pommerov's

"Good-morning, Alice." "Good-morning," she returned, preparing to

"Stay," said Gny, putting his arm before her; "I cannot go on like this; I cannot be shunned forever, as you are shunning me. If come up with you out of doors, you wall away; if I call at the White House, you will not remain in the room. I have been there now, talking to your mother, and she, and I, say that matters should be brought to an

"They were so brought long ago," replied

Alice; "only you will not take my answer." "No, I will never take that answer," returned Guy, with agitation. "Oh, Alice!" he added, changing his tone to one of deep tender ness, "have compassion upon me! my love for you is eating away my heart-strings.

"I cannot love you," she replied, in a low "So you have said; and so I have aske von, as I ask you now, Why?'

"It is not a thing that can be called up at will; or bought and sold, as you would barter "Sufficient of it will come at will; if there

be no bar. I am ready to take you, and chance it. Is there a bar ?" he continued, in s meaning tone. Alice Wylde hesitated. The persecutionfor so she looked upon it-of Guy Pommeroy had become intolerable to her ; when she woke in the morning, the conscioneness that she should meet him in the day, and possibly be forced to listen to his love-making, would rust over her mind with a feeling of despair; and now came the thought, What if she told him

the confusion and doubt "If I were to impart to you that there is a bar, would it convince you that your wish is

there was a bar? it might put an end to his

nacless !" "A bar!" he ejaculated. "Not that of of love for another? Alice! do not

"I must say it, if I am to speak the truth," she whispered: "I do love another." The dark expression came over Guy's face.

"Rupert." A minute elapsed before he took in the sense of the words. And then his passion broke

forth. "Rupert! the ill-doing spendthrift! Rupert, the disgrace to the name of Pommeroy! Who is now hiding himself, lest his reckless debts should be visited upon him; whose misconduct here would be a byword in men's mouths, but that he is a Pommeroy! who-But I do not believe you," added Guy in a different tone, as he ran over in his mind the probabilities of her avowal, and could not remember that Rupert and she had been sufficiently intimate for love to have supervened; or that they had met, if love had come. "It is false, Alice : you never saw much of Rupert, or he of

Alice leaned against the stile; she did not reply, but the rich flush of love, remembered e, manfied in her cheek, and her lips parted with a half smile.

"Do you wish to drive me mad?" stamped Guy. "Why don't you say that you never met him-to love-that you are asserting what is false, only to deceive me !"

"I have said what is true. And, as to not meeting, I should be sorry to meet you in se-

trifles a time. to Rupe Rupert but his abruptl: member from a which t

Rupert. pert at trees a another the gam she had there so so blind but Ruj his has likely to

clodhop Alice, h

"You—a gentlewoman—and my promised ife—can stand there and avow to me that you

have met Enpert Pommeroy in secret?"
"I am not your promised wife. And there was no other way in which we could meet, for and she could have wept tears of agony at the you had gained the ear of my mother. If we thought of how he must have laughed at her she had overlooked them when casting away you think Rupert would let it come near

The lord of Pommeroy turned his face from Alice, bending it on the ground; it was well, perhaps, that she did not see it then. His love for her was indeed as a volcano raging within him; he could not give her up; far rather would be have given up life and all its benefits. His, she should, she must be.

Alice, your love is worse than wasted. If it be given to Rupert Pommeroy. He had none to ste, or to give to you."

Again the rich, red flush of pemembrance dyed her cheeks, and her lips were parted with the same sweet smile. Guy kept down his

amusing himself."

"You shall not traduce him to me," she interrupted, with spirit. "I will not listen to it. You know the motive which has obliged me to hopes elsewhere. Keep my secret, Guy, and be generous; I shall be your sister some

"Walk with me a little way, Alice." he suddenly exclaimed. And mechanically she obeyed, for his tone was imperative. Guy offered his arm; but she bowed a refusal.

"You would take Rupert's," chafed he "It is not the custom for young ladies to

do so. And I am quite alive to the exactions of customs," she added, throwing back her "Custom!" retorted Guy, "between tw

who are to form the closest tie on earth." "Did you speak of youself, or of Rupert?" she returned, in a spirit of aggravation. And the lord of Pommeroy, after a look that must

have betrayed the bitterness of his heart, walked by her side in silence. They emerged from the fields; and a few steps along the road, towards the village. brought them in front of Gaunt, the game-

keeper's. The cottage appeared shut up; it frequently was so, now Sybilla had left. Guy ommeroy stopped, and laid his forefinger on Alice's arm, and caused her to turn to-"You see that place, Alice !"

Yes. What of it?

"Look at it, my dear. Study it well.",

"It is Gaunt's cottage," she exclaimed, wonderingly. "Why am I to look at it?"

"It was well that you should see it. Because there was where Rupert's love was

She was slow in understanding. No sus ion of the sort had dawned upon her. And Guy's word's only called up thoughts of the gamekeeper and the cottage; not of Sybilla

Guy turned back towards her home, walk-

ing by her side still. There are certain topics, Alice, that we may not discuss openly; custom, which you avow yourself a disciple of, does not sanction t; the proprieties of life would not sanction it : pevertheless, some of this reserve must be forgotten, when circumstances imperatively

Alice Wylde turned her wondering eves

You know that Sybilla Gaunt has left the place," he resumed, in a low, deep tone; you know, at least, it is probable you do, why she has been obliged to leave it. She is

Silence ensued. Guy glanced round. Alice was walking on, but he could not see her face, for it was held straight forwards, and bonnets-do listen, ladies fair !--were worn large

The author of the evil that fell upon Sybilla Gaunt was Rupert Pommeroy," continued Guy; "he who ought to have guarded her from it, had he seen it approaching, no her. He is a heartless man : and whilst he ply. ist have been pretending—as you now say to live for you, his love was given to Sybilla. His real love, mind, Alice: and if he affirmed

aught else to you, he was base and false." As a blast of lightning falls upon a tree, and shatters it, so were these words falling upon Alice Wylde's brain. The scandal, touching Sybilla Gaunt, had been too popular a theme her own mother had spoken openly of it, in opened his desk, and wrote a sharp brief note in his shirt-sleeves. She remonstrated, and her hearing, to Miss Pommerov.

They came to the fields, and Guy held the sate open for her to pass through. He could she must love Rupert-for her countenance

"Is it true ?" she gasped.

"It is true as that you and I are here liv-

of the past were conjuring themselves up, trifles which had excited no reflection at the there. time. She remembered once to have remarked to Rupert on the beauty of Sybilla Gaunt, and Rupert had replied with some gay words—
what was Sybilla's beauty, compared to hers!

ding, for Alice Wylde had at length consented to be Guy Pommeroy's wife. The villagers but his tone was a constrained one, and he said how happy she would be with the lord; abruptly changed the theme. Again, she refrom a dinner-party, one moonlight night, at | would acknowledge to it.) many had striven Rupert, who had sent an excuse, she saw Rupert standing just beyond the corner of the Misery indeed: but to be rerenged on Rupert another shadow near him, an undefined one; desirable position than that of being the she had wondered why Rupert had gone down take upon him was that of rushing in hot there so late. How was it, that she had been haste to be somebody's wife: at least, it apso blinded? Now she came to think of it, who peared the only one likely to tell upon the but Rupert, with his fascinating manners and false Rupert. clodhoppers of the village—she would have half-packed trunk. spurned them under foot. How could she, "Are these flower Alice, have been so innocently unsuspecting?

The very fact of Sybilla's quitting the place "what flowers?"

with Rupert—but a few days elapsed between

love seemed to be thrown back upon herself; but they are dried up beyond knowing." did meet in secret, where was the harm? do credulity. At her, who had told him of her the rest-and the tide of memory came rush rejection of Guy, of her refusal to become the lady of the abbey, for his sake! But she could be its lady still.

"Alice," began Guy, as they neared her home, "when-

"Say nothing to me now," she flercely answered, "or I shall be visiting the hate upon you that I am beginning to feel for Rupert. If ed up her head. has thus triffed with me-"

"He has," interrupted Guy. "If you think am capable of deceiving you, ask the village." And, in good truth, the village would probably have said as Guy did, for their suspicions had pointed at the gay and attractive Rupert. But they held their peace, for was he not a commercy? and, amongst the simple around, it "I say Rupert Pommeroy had no love to was pretty generally held that the Pommeroys, give you. He deceived you; he was only like kings, could do no wrong.

The lord of Pommeroy spoke his farewell and departed: Alice did not answer him, but went on, in. Not that she intended any particular discourtesy to him, but her mind was in a chaos confide this to you-that you may fix your of tumult. "To come to me with his false vows, from the company of that girl!" she muttered to herself, "to win my love; to play upon my credulity; to sport with my heart's most sacred feelings; and then return to whence he came—to her! Oh, mercy! how shall I upport myself ?"

A little voice came whispering to her, Is it true? or is Guy deceiving you? She thought it was true; the probabilities, looking back. eemed to say that it was. But she went to her mother, who was deep in the pages of fashionable novel, and asked out a question boldly: little cared she, in her despair, for what Guy called the proprieties of life

"Mother, who was it turned Sybilla Gaunt to the wrong path ?"

Now it happened that Mrs. Wylde was particularly alive to the proprieties at that mo-ment; for the book before her, though calling itself a novel, was of the most orthodox school holy little village children, young clergymen in long (and very unbecoming) black skirts, and right honorable ladies, all of whom talked in pious sentences of band-box perfection and far-fetched grammar, correct, but not easy, and who had never heard of "wrong paths," much ss come in contact with them, therefore, Mrs. Wylde bent a severe brow on Alice.

Young lady! such topics are ignored society. What are you thinking of?" "I want to know who it was that led Sybilla Gaunt to sin," proceeded Alice, plunging deeper

into the mire She stood before her mother with a pale facand eye of dark misery, and it brought down Mrs. Wylde from her stilts.

"Alice, what in the world is the matter! What is Sybilla Gaunt to you? It was not Guy ommeroy, therefore-

"Was it Rupert ?" court them? Of course it was Rupert: every body knows that."

But Alice spoke again, in the last faint effort to struggle with despair. "I heard you say to Miss Pommeroy, when you were telling her about it, that it was not known who

"To be sure I did," interrupted Mrs. Wylde. She put the question to me, point blank, and I could not say to her, 'Your brother Rupert.' "Why did not the village shun him? He

was popular, he was courted up to the very hour he left it." "The village shun a Pommeroy!" derisively

retorted Mrs. Wylde. "If a Pommeroy chose to tell them they must sell their souls to him, they would only kneel and do it. Hush, Alice! here comes Joan."

Joan Pommeroy entered. She was left for a moment alone with Alice, and the latter approached her with an eager whisper.

"Joan, tell me: was it known who—who led Sybilla Gaunt from the right?"

Miss Pommeroy looked surprised. She dismatter from what quarter, brought it upon dained to equivocate, and therefore did not re-"Are you ill, Alice ?" "I have heard that it was Rupert," resumed

Alice, her eyes strained on Joan with a wild expectancy that it was not pleasant to look who had been living in much quiet and re-

lieve it was. I ask. Alice, if you are ill ?" "Oh no," she answered with a harsh laugh,

to his lawyers in town :

Pommeroy proceed upon at once, and lock excited reply, "indeed, there's sae muckli have gnashed his teeth, as he thought how him up. Listen to no terms for a compromise, unless you have my orders to do so; but still was white with agony, and her steps tot-

"Ромменот от Ромменот Аввет." That was the signature of the lords of Pommeroy. And just two days after that was Remembrance was busy within her; events penned, was Mr. Rupert Pommeroy inside the

Gaily went on the preparations for the wedembered, in driving home with her mother ed him, a prize, for which (though nobody thich they had met the lord and Guy, but not and the reader, who is in the secret, will say es at Gaunt's cottage; and there was Pommeroy she would have grasped a far less gamekeeper's she had then concluded, and abbey's mistress. The only revenge she could

his handsome form, with his careless prin- The day previous to the nuptials arrived, and ciples and indifference to consequences, was Alice sat in her room, her heart braving out likely to have turned the head of Sybilla? The its anguish. Her maid was kneeling before a "Are these flowers to go in, miss?"

"These, miss, that were between the paper -might have told her.

In the little drawer. Here's a rose, and a what is it?—a white geranium I think, miss

> Alice turned her head to see the flowersing over her. They were the last he had ever given her, and too well she remembered hose they were given; his words and his looks of love. She buried her face in her hands, and gave vent to a groan of pain, not to be suppressed.

The maid heard footsteps outside, and stretch-

"Here's the lord of Pommeroy." Alice knew she must go to him. And why should she not ; was he not to be her husband ere many hours had passed? But the current of her thoughts had been turned to the events which she had latterly striven to bury, and an impulse arose—long afterwards she used to wonder why it should so have arisen—to speak

of them to Guy. She went down to him; she stopped his words of greeting and put away his hand.

"Guy, did you deceive me when you told ne that—that ill of Rupert?"

The lord of Pommeroy turned his eyes upon

"Why do you ask that now !"

"Were I to find, later, that you had decrived me, it would be had for us both; for you and for me," she dreamily said.

"The lords of Pommeroy disdain deceit," was his reply. "The fact of Rupert's remaining away so long might convince you that he is

with her, without any other proof. "True, true," she murmured; "forgive

me, Guy. Ouy Pommeroy bent towards her, and would have sealed his forgiveness, but was met by a gesture of aversion. "Don't, please," she faintly said, as she drew away. An unpleasant scowl contracted Guy's face. When these little pisodes peeped out, showing how utterly she disliked him, he felt at war with her, with Rupert, with the world, and with Heaven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) OLD SCOTCH SERVANTS .- The charge these old domestics used to take of the interests of the family, and the cool way in which they took upon them to protect those interests sometimes led to very provoking, and sometimes to very ludicrous exhibitions of importance. A friend told me of a dinner-scene ilustrative of this sort of interference which had happened at Airth in the last generation. Mrs. Murray, of Abercairney, had been among the guests, and at dinner one of the family noticed that she was looking for the proper spoon to help herself with salt. The old servant Tho mas was appealed to that the want might be supplied. He did not notice the appeal. It was repeated in a more peremptory manner, "Thomas, Mrs. Murray has not a sait-spoon;"

to which he replied most emphatically, time Mrs. Murray dined here we lost a salt spoon." An old servant who took a similar "Child, I say, these subjects are better let charge of everything that went on in the alone. What has come to you that you should thought he had drank wine with every lady at table, but had overlooked one, jogged his nemory with the question, "What ails ye at

her wi' the green gown ?" A characteristic anecdote of one of these old domestics I have from a friend who was acquainted with the parties concerned. The old man was standing at the sideboard and attending to the demands of a pretty large dinnerparty : the calls made for various wants from the company became so numerous and frequent that the attendant got quite bewildered, and lost his patience and temper. At length he gave vent to his indignation in the remon

strance, addressed to the whole company,

"Cry a' thegither; that's the way to b

I have heard of an old Forfarshire lady who knowing the habits of her old and spoilt ser vant, when she wished a note to be taker without loss of time, held it open and read it over to him, saying, "There noo, Andrew, y ken a' that's in't; noo dinna stop to open it but just send it aff." Of another servant, sorely tried by an unaccustomed bustle and hurry, a very amusing anecdote has been recorded. His mistress a woman of high rank tirement for some time, was called upon to en Joan Pommeroy bowed her head. "I be. tertain a large party at dinner. She consulted with Nichol, her faithful servant, and all th arrangements were made for the great event As the company were arriving, the lady saw Guy Pommeroy had proceeded home. He Nichol running about in great agitation, and said that as the guests were coming in he must "The judgment you hold against Rupert put on his coat. "Indeed, my lady," was his rinning here and rinning there, that I'm just distrackit. I hae cast'n my coat and waistcoat, and, faith, I dinna ken how lang I can thole (bear) my breeks (breeches.")-- Itean Ram

THE QUAKER AND THE PUBLIST. - A genuine thrash him. "Priend," remonstrated the He rose up again to fulfil his original errand. but quoth the Quaker. "Priend, will thou not This hospitable offer was ac take a pipe? epted, and the bully utterly weak, staggered across the room to chastise the Quaker. The thee a meat offering, but that did not assuage thy rage; I gave thee a drink offering, still thou wert beside threelf: I gave thee a burnt offering, neither did that suffice; and now will thing which is to be trumpeted. I try thee with a heave-offering." And with that he tossed him out of the window. That

EFFIE CAMPBELL.

Pretty Effe Campbell Came to me one day Eyes as bright as sunbeams, Checks with blushes gay

Tm so happy, Cousin. In the carriage, coming From the county ball

Have a care. Miss Effic. Look before you leap Men are fickle, Effic. Better wait than weep

How you're always preaching Love to be a crime And a kiss pordition, Surly Peter Syme

Thrilling, sweet and strange Eyes well wander, Effie, And the fancy change "I can trust him. Consin With a glad repose;

Doubt brings half our woes Love will not decay When your step is slower,

Heaven is won by trusting,

And your hair grows gray And those eyes, so bonnie, Look less bright than now And the matron Caution

But it will not die ; Beat its pulse will steadier If not quite so high. "Smoother run the rivers

"Love may deepen, Peter.

As they reach the ma. Calm'd the noisy plunges Still d the shallow glee True love knows no changing

From the dream of youth. Or, if changed, 'tis better Tis the dream made truth Love that once pined blindly

Tenderly reveres. And the eyes see clearer That have look'd through tears Beautiful, for ever.

The grief-soften'd tread And the time-touch'd glances And the dear gray head The pathetic paleness And the lines of care

Makes men always fair Sweet low love to speak Kissing, oh' so softly, Weary temples weak

Eves that looked such pity Poor wild eyes abov Can these lose their beauty For the souls that love

But I see you're laughing When my speech gets carpest-As my heart throbs through

Weak you think us women. Slaves of impulse, vain But our heart is ofttimes Truer than your brain

You're our subjects, skeptie, Wrangle as you will Mould the children still

Tale of woman's glamour-Tis the oldest known Better doom with woman Than an Eden lone

We shall always snare you. Struggle as you may I shall see you, Comon.

Effic ' -- but she stopped me With a ned and smile Calling, as she curtsey d. In her saucy style

"Bye, bye, Master Peter .-And she Il make you wiser. Simple Peter Syme.

Quaker, knocking down the visitor's fists, been moderately well done largely talked about. ways arose out of the condition of the time. been slightly overlocked in his prison of the "before thou proceedest to chastise me, wilt Some foolish people, who should have belonged. Similarly, though with a subtle difference, a Abbaye in fact, had rather passed out of the thou not take some dinner." The bully was another planet, give all their minds to doing species of fervor or intexication, known, with their work well. This is an entire mistake. down the solids with libations of strong ale. This is a grievous loss of power. Such a me- the guillotine unnecessarily, and to die by it, it, and had been set at liberty on the Jury's 'Priend," said the Quaker, "wilt thou not Mars, or Saturn, but is totally out of place in of the wildly shaken public mind. In seasons then against him was answered, as to himself. Agrs, or Saturn, but is totally out of place in of the wildly shaken puts much and he supplied this putting, advertising, bill sticking part of abundance of punch. The bully, now staggering, attempted to thrush his entertainer, out an abundance of kettle-drums and trumever well-armed and well-accounted you may
be. As I hate vague maxims, I will at once

The passage to the Conciergerie was short and
the proceeded, as he showed that the Accused latter, opening the window, and pulling the bully towards it, thus addressed him, "Friend, you have a force which may be represented by the correct hither not to be resided, as a substitute of the proportions in which force of any dark; the night in its vermin haunted cells was him its vermin haunted cells was him substituted in the second of the proportions in which force of any dark; the night in its vermin haunted cells was him its vermin haunted cells was him substituted in the second of the proportions in which force of any dark; the night in its vermin haunted cells was him its ver you have a force which may be represented by thou camest hither not to be pacified. I gave the number one hundred: seventy-three parts there a meat offering, but that did not assuage at least of that force should be given to the demned, and the trials of the whole parapled for from being in favor with the Aristocrat go-demned, and the trials of the whole parapled for from the part of the paraple of the parap trumpet; the remaining twenty seven parts an hour and a half. may not disadvantageously be spent in doing the unlike some rules in grammar, which are entangled and controlled by a multitude of vexations exceptions; but it applies equally to the cockade was the head-dress otherwise prevail
cockade was the head-dress othe Scandal is a bit of false money, and he conduct of all matters upon earth, whether so ing. Leoking at the jury and the turbulent came one. At last, when he appealed by name who passes it is frequently as had as he who cial, moral, artistic, literary, political, or relioriginally utters it.

Ing. Locking at the dry and the turbular to Mensieur Lerry, an English gentleman then order of things was reversed, and that the and there present, who, like himself, had been

DRAYS HOTS .-- History is full of so- felous were trying the honset men. The lo the scaffold, and Chesterfield was courteons to were the directing spirits of the scene; no a more elaborate instance. The night before cipating, and precipitating the re-

Item .- I give my body, for I cannot help as they looked on, many knitted. where Colonel Pride was born."

which legacy I give him, because I know he will bestow it on the pear."
"Item.—To Tom May, whose head I broke

ltem. -To the author of the libel against Ladies, I give threepence; and since he knows what's false on divers names of unblen honor, I leave him a farther legacy, which will be paid him by the hands of the footmen who paid

off Sir Henry Mildmay's arrears."
"Item.—As I restore other men's words, so I give Lieutenant-General Cromwell one wo of mine; because hitherto he never kept his

"Item.-- I give all my printed speeches to these persons following, viz.: That speech which I made in my own defence, when the seven Lords were accused of high treason, I give to Sergeant Wild, that hereafter he know what is treason and what is not. . . But my speech at my election (which is my speech without an oath) I give to those who cries, and asked the prisoner whether it was take the engagement, because so outh has been not true that he had lived many years in Rog able to hold them."

The grim fun with which these parting shots rere fired, can not only be fully appreciated by those who are well read in the history of the time, but even by less industrious students.

Nor RASILY SATISPIED. - A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five story building, upon which had fallen a rain. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was de cending toward the caves, he exclaimed, 'Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and re gained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself: "I know'd it-there is pair of shoes gone to thunder!"

A TALE OF TWO CITIES IN THREE BOOKS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS

BOOK THE THIRD. THE TRACK OF A STORM.

CHAPTER VI.

THUMPH.

The dread Tribunal of five Judges, Public Prosecutor, and determined Jury, sat every day. Their lists went forth every evening, and were read out by the jailors of the various prisons to their prisoners. The standard jailor joke was, "Come out and listen to the Even-ing Paper, you, inside there!"

Charles Evremend, cailed Darnay! So, at last, began the Evening Paper at La

When a name was called, its owner stepped apart into a spot reserved for those who were announced as being thus fatally recorded. Charles Evremond, called Parnay, had reason to know the usage; he had seen hundreds pass

AWAY SO. His bloated jailor, who wore spectacles to read with, glanced over them to assure himself that he had taken his place, and went through the list, making a similar short pance at each name. There were twenty-three names, but only twenty were responded to ; for one of the prisoners so summoned had died in jail and been forgotten, and two had been already guillotined and forgotten. The list was read in the vaulted chamber where Darnay had seen the associated prisoners on the night of his arrival. Every one of those had perished in the massacre; every human creature he had since cared for and parted with had died on the seaf | zen ' | The accused explained that the citizen

of La Force were engaged in the preparation of papers then before the President. that evening. They crowded to the grates and there—had assured him that it would be there SATIRICAL ADVER TO THOSE WIGHING TO SEC-Shed tears there; but twenty places in the —and at this stage of the proceedings it was projected entertainments had to be refilled, and produced and read. Citizen Gabelle was call-Arthur Helps, says, in his "Friends in Coun- the time was, at best, short to the lock-up-ed to confirm it, and did so. Citizen Gabelle hour, when the common rooms and corridors binted, with infinite delicacy and politen "Those who wish for self advancement should would be delivered over to the great dogs who that in the pressure of business imposed on the bully called upon a "Friend" avowedly to remember, that the art in life is not so much kept watch there through the night. The prise- Tribunal by the multitude of enemies of the to do a thing well, as to get a thing that has ners were far from insensible or unfeeling; their Republic with which it had to deal, he had thod of proceeding may be very well in Jupiter, was not mere beastfulness, but a wild infection destaring themselves satisfied that the accusa pets is a weak and ill-advised adventure, how- wonders hidden in our breasts only needing high personal popularity, and the dearness of

lay down the proportions in which force of any dark; the night in its vermin haunted cells was his first friend on his release from his long

This is a rule at length arraigned.

lemn trifling by noted men, just previous to the death-hour. Sir Thomas More jested on without its quantity of low, cruel, and hot, the last. But the Karl of Pembroke furnishes commenting, applauding, disapproving, and his execution, he drew up his will. In this, a check. Of the men, the greater part were among other singular passages, are the followwore knives, some daggers, some ate and dream it—therefore bury me. I have church lands these last was one, with a space piece of knitting enough; but do not bury me in the church under her arm as she worked. She was in perch-for I was a Lord, and would not be buried front row by the side of a man whom he had "Item.—I give nothing to the Lord Say; whom he directly remembered as Delays. He noticed that she once or twice whispe ear, and that she seemed to be his t what he most noticed in the two fig-"Rem.—To Tom May, whose head I broke at a masque, I give five shillings; I intended him more, but all who have seen his history of the Parliament, think that sun toe much."

'I tenu.—Because I threatened Sir Henry Mildmay, but did not heat him, I give £50 to the limited at the jury, but nothing else. Until the limited in his annul. der the President sat Dr. Manette, in his usual quiet dress. As well as the prisoner could see, he and Mr. Lorry were the only men there, unusual clothes, and had not assumed the coarse garb of the Carmagnole

Charles Evremonde, called Darnay, was accused by the public prosecutor as an aristocrat and an emigrant, whose life was forfeit to the Republic, under the decree which banish emigrants on pain of Death. It was nothing that the decree bore date since his return to France. There he was, and there was the de-cree; he had been taken in France, and his ead was demanded

"Take off his head!" cried the audience.

An enemy to the Republic ! The President rang his bell to silence those ries, and asked the prisoner whether it was

Undoubtedly it was Was he not an emigrant then? What did

Not an emigrant, he hoped, within the sense and spirit of the law.

Why not? the President desired to know Because he had voluntarily relinquished a title that was distasteful to him, and a that was distanteful to him, and had left his country-he submitted before the word emigrant in its present acceptation by the Tribu nal was in use-to live by his own industry in England, rather than on the industry of the overladen people of France.

What proof had he of this? He handed in the names of two witnesses Theophile Gabelle, and Alexandre Manette But he had married in England! the Presi

dent reminded him.

True, but not an English woman A citizeness of France

You. By birth. Her name and family ? "Lucie Manette, only daughter of Doctor Manette, the good physician who sits there."

This answer had a happy effect upon the audience. Cries in exaltation of the wellknown good physician rent the hall. So capriclously were the people moved that tears im mediately rolled down several ferocious countenances which had been glaring at the prisoner a moment before, as if with impaence to pluck him out into the streets and kill him.

Charles Darnay had set his foot according to Doctor Manette's reiterated instructions. same cantious counsel directed every step that lay before him, and had prepared every inch

The President asked why had he returned to

France when he did, and not sooner? He had not returned sooner, he replied, imply because he had no means of living in France, save those he had resigned; whereas, in England, he lived by giving instruction the French language and literature. He had returned when he dld, on the pressing and written entreaty of a Prench citizen, who represented that his life was endangered by his absence. He had come back to save a citizen's life, and to bear his testimony, at whatever personal hazard, to the truth. Was that erim

al in the even of the Republic The populace cried enthusiastically, "Notice and the President rang his bell to quiet them Which it did not, for they continued to cry No" until they left of of their own will.

The President required the name of that citi There were hurried words of farewell and confidence to the citizen's letter, which had kindness, but the parting was soon over. It been taken from him at the Barrier, but which was the incident of every day, and the society be did not doubt would be found among the

one games of forfeits and a little concert for The Dester had taken care that it should be

wernment there, he had actually been tried for "Charles Evremonde, called Darnay," was his life by it, as the fee of England and a friend at length arraigned.

Of the United States—as he brought these cirdis Judges sat upo the Bench in featherest cumstances into view, with the greatest discre-

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At every vote (the jurymen voted alend and he had set himself, his promi es were in the prisoner's him. or, and the President declared him free.

with which the populace see less toward generosity and mercy, or which ride new to which of these motives such exbable, to a blending of all the three, with the dy as blood at another time, and such frase were bestowed upon the prisomer by as many of both sexes as could rush night.

It was an ordinance of the Kepublic One and at him, that, after his long and unwholeso ment, he was in danger of fainting from exhaustion—none the less because he knew very well that the very same people, carried by another current, would have rushed at him with the very same intensity to rend him to pieces and strew him over the streets.

His removal, to make way for other accused

persons who were to be tried, rescued him from these caresses for the moment. Five were to be tried together next, as enemies of the Republic, forasmuch as they had not assisted it by word or deed. So quick was the Tribunal to compensate itself and the natio for a chance lost, that these five came down to him, before he left the place, condemned to die within twenty-four hours. The first of them told him so, with the customary prison sign of Death-a raised finger-and they all added in Long live the Republic

The fve had had, it is true, no audience to lengthen their proceedings, for when he and Doctor Manette emerged from the gate, there was a great crowd about it, in which there seemed to be every face he had seen in Court except two, for which he looked in vain. On coming out, the concourse made at him anew, weeping, embracing, and shouting, all by turns and all together, until the very tide of the river on the bank of which the mad scene was acted seemed to run mad, like the

They put him into a great chair they had among them, and which they had taken either est of the Court itself, or one of its rooms or red for, and to the back of it they had bound a pike with a red cap on its top. In this car of triumph not even the Ductor's entreaties could prevent his being carried to his home on men's houlders, with a confused sea of red cape beating about him, and casting up to sight from the stormy deep such wrecks of faces that he more than once misdoubted his mind being in confusion, and that he was in the tumbril on his way to the Guillotine.

In wild, dreamlike procession, embracing whom they met and peinting him out, they carried him on. Reddening the snowy streets with the prevailing Republican color, in wind ing and trampling through them, as they had reddened them below the snow with a deeper dye, they carried him thus into the court yard of the building where he lived. Her father had gone on before to prepare her, and when her husband stood upon his feet she dropped in-

As he held her to his heart and turned her beautiful head between his face and the brawl. ing crowd, so that his and her lips might come tegether anscen, a few of the people fell to dancing. Instantly, all the rest fell to dancing, and the court vard overflowed with the Carmagnole. Then, they elevated into the vacant chair a young woman from the crowd to be carried as the Goddens of Liberty, and then, swelling and everflowing out into the adjacent streets, and along the river's bank and over the bridge, the Carmagnole absorbed them every one and whirled them away.

After grasping the Doctor's band, as he stood victorious and proud before him; after grasping the hand of Mr. Lorry, who came panting in breathless from his struggle against th water spout of the Carmagnole; after kissing cie. who was lifted up to class her arms round his neck : and after embracing the ever realens and faithful Press who lifted her; he took his wife in his arms and carried her up as ve to their rooms.

Lucie! My own! I am safe."

Ob, dearest Charles, let me thank God for this on my knees as I have prayed to Him." atly bowed their heads and

other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me

must not be weak, my darling," he remon betrated; "don't tremble so. I have saved

CHAPTER VII.

"I have saved him." It was not another of the dreams in which he had often come back; he was really here. And yet his wife trembled, and a vague but heavy fear was upon her.

All the air around was so thick and dark, the people were so passionately revengeful and fitful, the innecent were so constantly put to death on vague suspicion and black malice, it was so impossible to forget that many as blamewas to her, every day shared the fate from which he had been clutched, that her heart it ought to be. The shadows of the wintry were beginning to fall, and even new the dreadful carts were rolling through the

Her father, cheering her, showed a compas- turbed. Little Lucie sat by her grandfather sionate superiority to this woulan's weakness, which was wonderful to see. No garret, no individually) the populace set up a shout of he had saved Charles. Let them all lean upon service. All was subdued and quiet, and Lucie Mr. Editor of the Post;

Their housekeeping was of a very frugal Then began one of those extraordinary kind not only because that was the tafest way of life, involving the least offence to the peo gratified their fickleness, or their better im- pie, but because they were not rich, and Charles, throughout his imprisonment, had they regarded as some set of against their had to pay heavily for his bad food, and for his swellen account of cruel rage. No man can deguard, and towards the living of the poorer prisoners. Partly on this account, and partly tracelinary scenes were referable; it is pro- to avoid a domestic spy, they kept no servant; the citizen and citizeness who acted as porters second predominating. No sooner was the at the court-yard gate, rendered them occasunced, than tears were shed as sional service; and Jerry (almost wholly trans ferred to them by Mr. Lorry) had become their daily retainer, and had his led there every

Indivisible of Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death, that on the door or doorpost of every house, the name of every inmate must be legibly inscribed in letters of a certain size, at a certain convenient height from the ground. Mr. Jerry Cruncher's name, therefore, duly embellished the deorpost down below; and, as the afternoon shadows deepened, the owner of that name himself appeared, from overlooking a painter whom. Doctor Manette had employed to add to the list the name of Charles Evre- said the first. monde, called Darnay.

In the universal fear and distrust that dark ened the time, all the usual harmless ways of life were changed. In the Doctor's little household, as in very many others, the articles of daily consumption that were wanted, were purchased every evening, in small quantities and with his wife and child clinging to him. at various small shops. To avoid attracting notice, and to give as little occasion as possible for talk and envy, was the general desire

For some months past, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher had discharged the office of purveyors; the former carrying the money; the latter, the basket. Every afternoon at about the time when the public lamps were lighted, they fared forth on this duty, and made and brought home such purchases as were needful. Although Miss Pross, through her long association with a French family, might have known as much of their language as of her own, if she had had a mind, she had no mind know me in that direction; consequently she knew no more of "that nonsense" (as she was pleased to call it), than Mr. Cruncher did. manner of marketing was to plump a nounsubstantive at the head of a shopkeeper without any introduction in the nature of an article and, if it happened not to be the name of the thing she wanted, to look round for that thing, lay hold of it, and hold on by it until the bar gain was concluded. She always made a bargain for it, by holding up, as a statement of its just price, one finger less than the merchant Autoine. held up, whatever his number might be.

"Now, Mr. Cruncher," said Miss Pross, and added : whose eyes were red with felicity; "if you are ready, I am.

Jerry hearsely professed himself at Miss Pross's porvice. He had worn all his rust off | long ago, but nothing would file his spiky head public demands sacrifices from you, without

"There's all manner of things wanted." said Miss Pross, "and we shall have a precious time of it. We want wine, among the rest. Nice toasts these Redheads will be drinking, wherever we buy it."

It will be much the same to your know ledge, miss, I should think," retorted Jerry. whether they drink your health or the Old

Mr. Cruncher, with some diffidence, explain-

ed himself as meaning "Old Nick's."

"Ha!" said Miss Pross. "W doesn't need an nterpreter to explain the meaning of these creatures. They have but one, and its Midnight Murder, and Mischief."

Hugh, dear! Pray, pray, be cautious! cried Lucie

Yes, yes, yes, I'll be cautions," said Miss. Pross, "but I may say among ourselves, that I do hope there will be no oniony and tobaccoey ings in the form of embracings going on in the streets. Now, Ladybird, never you on in the streets. Some back! Take care stir from that fire till I come back! Take care papers say the marriage of Signor Oviedo, of the dear husband you have recovered, and the wealthy Cuban, with Miss Bartlett, about thick on much has been said and written don't move your pretty head from his shoulder which

Doctor answered, smiling-

"For gracious' sake, don't talk about Li-

He was happy in the return Miss Pross curtseyed at the name; "and as Williams Williams and as Williams and as Williams and as Williams and as well as he had made her, he was recompensed for his such, my maxim is. Confound their politics, suffering, he was proud of his strength. "You Frustrate their knavish tricks, On him our alone hopes we fix, God save the King !"

Mr. Crunchet, in an access of loyalty, growlingly repeated the words after Miss Pross, like

somebody at church. "I am glad you have so much of the Englishman in you, though I wish you had never taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, which, it is said, contained \$35,000 worth of lishman in you, though I wish you had never

"Heigh-ho-hum " said Miss Pross, cheerfully repressing a sigh as she glanced at her tachment. The bridegroom is said to be worth \$4,000,000. He owns large sugar and less as her husband and as dear to others as he darling's golden hair in the light of the fire, then we must have patience and wait; that's all. We must hold up our heads and fight low, could not be as lightened of its load as she felt as my brother Solomon used to say. Now, Mr.

Cruncher! Don't you move, Ladybird!" They went out, leaving Lucie, and her husand, her father, and her child, by a bright streets. Her mind pursued them, looking for him among the Condemned; and then she clung electron to his real presence and trembled lighted the lamp, but had put it aside in a coral regarding for arrows, pieces of fint, and ner, that they might enjoy the firelight undis- other small change.

with her hands clasped through his arm; and he, in a tone not rising much above a whisper shoe-making, no One Hundred and Pive, North began to tell her a story of a great and powerful Tower, now! He had accomplished the task Fairy who had opened a prison-wall and let out a captive who had once done the Pairy a

was more at case than she had been What is that " she cried, all at one

My dear " said her father, stopping in his story, and laying his hand on hers, "command What a disordered state you are in The least thing mothing startles you. You. your father's daughter

"I thought, my father," said Lucie, exusing herself, with a pale face and in a falter-"that I heard strange feet upon the

My love, the staircase is as still as As he said the word, a blow was struck

My child." said the Doctor, rising and layng his hand upon her shoulder, "I have saved What weakness is this, my dear! Let me go to the door.

He took the lamp in his hand, crossed the two intervening onter rooms, and opened it. A rule clattering of feet over the floors, and fou ugh men in red caps, armed with sabres and pistols, entered the room.

The Citizen Evremonde, called Darnay.

Who seeks him 2" answered Darnay. "I seek him. We seek him. I know you Evremende; I saw you before the Tribunal to day. You are again the prisoner of the Re

public The four surrounded him, where he stood "Tell me how and why am I again a pri

It is enough that you return straight to the Conciergerie, and will know to-morrow.

You are summoned for to-morrow. Dr. Manette, whom this visitation had s turned into stone, that he stood with the lamp in his hand, as if he were a statue made to hold it moved after these words were spoken. put the lamp down, and confronting the speaker, and taking him, not ungently, by the ar front of his red woolen shirt, said

You know him, you have said. Do you

Yes, I know you, Citizen Doctor. We all know you, Citizen Doctor," said the other three.

He looked abstractedly from one to another and said, in a lower voice, after a pause : Will you answer his question to me! How

loss this happen !" "Citizen Doctor," said the first, reluctantly he has been denounced to the Section of Saint Antoine. This citizen," pointing out the second who had entered, "is from Saint

The citizen here indicated nodded his head,

"He is accused by Saint Antoine

Of what " asked the Doctor "Citizen Doctor," said the first, with his ormer reluctance, "ask no more. If the Redoubt you as a good patriot will be happy to make them. The Republic goes before all. The People is supreme. Byremonde, we are

"One word," the Doctor entreated. "Will you tell me who denounced him?"

"It is against rule," answered the first but you can ask Him of Saint Antoine The Doctor turned his eyes upon that man,

who moved uneasily on his feet, pulled his beard a little, and at length said : Well! Truly it is against rule. But he

denounced-and gravely-by the Citizen and Citizeness Defarge. And by one other."

Do you ask. Citizen Doctor ?"

Then," said he of Saint Antoine, with a strange look, "you will be answered to-mor-

row. Now, I am dumb!" (TO BE CONTINUED.) don't move your pretty head from his shoulder as you have it now, till you see me again; May I ask a question, Dactor Manette, before I 4,000 were present at the ceremony, which "I think you may take that liberty," the best a moon. None were admitted to the Cathelral except those who had seceived best answered smiline. They all reverently bowed their heads and hearts. When she was again in his arms, he said to her!

"And new speak to your father, dedrest. No other man in all this France could have done what he has done for me."

She laid her head upon her father's breast as she had laid his poor head on her own breast, long, long ago. He was happy in the return

"For gracious' sake, don't talk about Lissued—some of them family tickets, admitting several. In the Cathedral railings were erected, dividing the different portions of the interior, severally set apart for the holders of tickets of the different classes; a distinction in this respect being made between the immediate friends of the parties and those who are not on such intimate terms with them. The police arrangements at the Cathedral were combined as the magnitude of the occasion, and were under the direction of Captain Williamson, of the Pourteenth precinct. o family tickets admitting and the other cariages were named. The reception took place from P. M. at the residence of the bride Legion. The recordence of the to 3 P. M., at the residence of the to 3 P. M., at the residence of the table. No. 39 West Fourteenth Street, ather, No. 39 West Fourteenth Street, No. 30 W Two thousand invitations to taken that cold in your voice," said Miss Pross, approvingly. "But the question, Doctor Mannette. Is there"—it was the good creature's way to affect to make light of anything that was a great anxiety with them all, and to come at it in this chance manner—"is there any prospect yet, of our getting out of this place!"
"I fear not yet. It would be dangerous for Charles yet."

which, it is said, contained \$35,000 worth of bridal dress alone cost \$5,000 and Senior Oriedo presented it and four others that cost \$3,000 each, and 75 others less costly, to Miss Bartlett. Don Estean Sta. Crus de Oriedo, who is not so old as he is represented to be, met Miss Bartlett, for the first time, about four months ago. They were mutually pleased with each other, and, we have excellent authority for other, and, we have excellent authority for the first time, about four months. saying, betrothed themselves to each other before the lady's father was aware of the at-He owns large sugar and coller plantations in Cuba, and negroes with-out number. These who have seen Miss Bar-tiett say his wealth is only equalled by his good taste—for she is very beautiful. Arch-bishop Hughes performed the marriage cere-mony—winding up his discourse to the pair with some remarks against divorces?

ng for arrows, pieces of flint

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A RABE OLD LADY.

Paris, Sept. 22, 1859.

What curious and unexpected things occasionally turn up in the course of one's life! things which, among all the odd faucies one might chalk out to one's self as of possible occurrence, most assuredly would never, by any chance, have come into one's head!

who had, in her younger days, the dangerous honor of inspiring a "grande passion" in heart of Robespierre, a lady then one of the himself, found the fair artiste anything but in most brilliant ornaments of the French stage, ressession of all her faculties, but able to declaim a scene from Moliere or Racine, to recite Oh, father, father. What can this be! Hide a fable from La Fontaine, with a grace, fire, tenderness and pathos that no ortists of our day ould equal. Such a singular and interesting encoatre-a sort of folding back of a century, and a bringing of two ends together-has just fallen to the lot of your correspondent. The lady in question is the widow of the

strious Talma, now the Countess de Chalot, daughter of Vanhove, an actor of considerable repute in his day, who, for many years, beaged to the company of the Theatre Francaise, then, as now, the first theatre of Paris. M. Vanhove performed the part of fathers of noble birth, and, was equally respected for his his seal in the service of the theaprobity and kindness which uniformly disnguished his private life. His wife appears talent, "devoted," as the French say, "to her interior." meaning thereby, the fireside circle of her home. Their only child, a daughter, ould never be induced to learn to read; but when Mr. Vanhove, then a resident of Brussels, and attached to the theatre of that city, was invited, in 1779, to Paris, the child manifested the most eager desire to see the brilliant metropolis of which she had heard so much.

Madame Vanhove adroitly seized this opportunity of inducing the lary little Caroline undertake the repugnant but necessary task which she had hitherto succeeded in escaping.

"Ah, my little girl would like to see the beautiful city of Paris! But no little girls are allowed to go there unless they can read! So, if mamma's pet would like to go thither, she must begin to learn her letters directly; and when she can read, nicely, out of a book, she shall go to Paris with papa and mamma."

The appeal, so artfully made, was irresistible : and Caroline opened her first attack on the mysteries of the alphabet that very day.

Fully persuaded that she would be stopped at the gates of Paris, and sternly prevented from entering the city, unless able to read fluently on her arrival there, the child studied so diligently, that before the family reached their new home, she could not only read well, but had learned by heart several pages of prose and verse, which she recited, young as she was, with such purity of diction, and so much artistic feeling, that the passengers in the heavy, slow-rolling diligence were all delighted with the child, and gave her the name of The Little Wonder. This unlooked for success decided the parents to bring her up to the

From that moment, the cultivation of her powers, with especial reference to their development upon the stage, was carefully attended to by both her parents; and at a very early age, Caroline appeared on the boards of la Comedie Francoise (as the leading theatre was the great annoyance of his wife, who foresaw, then styled), in various child-characters, which she sustained with universal approbation. The parts of Louison, in the Malade Imaginaire, of the little girl in la Fausse Aones, and of Joas, in Athalis, were among those in which the pied in Paris. youthful actress was most applauded. But when she reached the age of ten years, her people style the first in France, shall receive distinguished ornaments, favored and flattered parents considered it time to introduce her to roles of greater importance. She no longer aponet dishonor my nation. Kemble lives in wealth, talent, and beauty can win for their peared in childish characters, but began to splendid style at home; I must place myself possessors, is now ending her days in voluntastudy with care and discrimination the charac-on the same level. I am very sorry not to ry seclusion; only on very rare occasions quit-ters of the various chef-d'aucres of the French have a whole house to myself; but no matter; ting the solitude of her home; forgotten by the stage. Strangely enough, however, Caroline our apartment, done up as I intend it to be, Vanhove, at this period, appears to have had will be noble, delightful! Here, must be some having outlived all her relatives and connexions, but one desire, that of entering a convent, and gilded panels; there, shall be a picture-galbecoming a num. But her parents resisted this lery, which can be easily managed by knockwish on her part, and her artistic training was ling down this wall. I must have two draw. It would, indeed, be difficult to imagine a more

carried on with all diligence. Dorival, whose frigidity of style was pro- furnished in the purest Roman style." verbial, but whose intonations were exceedingly pure, and whose diction was excellent, was postulated Madame Talma. chosen for her master in the art of declamation;

fourteen, in the Iphigenia in Aulide. no debut, at once so precocions and so brilliant, drawing-room; let me alone, I'll contrive it! had ever taken place on the French stage, Bachamont, in his famous memoires, and va. with your narrow calculations of expense, or rions other contemporary writers, state that I shall be really angry. And now let us set the young actress was equally successful in to work at once; we have not a moment to ed tragedy, comedy, and the drama; that her grace, pathos, and power, excited "general enthusiasm." that "all Paris flocked in crowds forthwith; and in a couple of days, the whole invitations to the reception were to admire her," and that, while she was on the The crush and jam in Fourteenth stage, "the public applauded incessantly—the apartment being upside down with mortar and workmen. By carrying on the work of to admire her," and that, while she was on the place was in utter confusion, every corner of brares and braressimes were heard in every part and workmen. By carrying on the work of

labors was followed by new and constant triumphs during the period of nearly thirty rooms occupied by the great artist might be years which she passed in the career chosen for her originally by her parents, but into plentitude of her talent, and at the height of the woodwork that had been rem all the physicians of that day. Despite the brated authors and actors of the day were inappear to be inseparable from the histrionic appear to be inseparable from the histrionic the midst of the demolitions; nor does the en-career, and from which she seems to have had tertainment seem to have been the less brilher full share of annoyance, few dramatic liant and delightful for having been given in a artists can boast of a career so uniformly success had the rare privilege of being associated with guest her father, whom she adored, and the great actor who was subsequently her husband, and rees and as a woman.

named Petit, for whom she does not seem to have had any predilection, and between whom long after she had contracted this inauspicious tor of the Reign of Terror, but also in the heart of the great actor, the glorious dictator of a death of the great actor. more peaceful stage. From Robespierre the Count de Chalot, whom she also survived; charming young actress appears to have recoiled with instinctive horror; thereby attract-Think for instance, of finding one's self, in this year of Grace, 1859, in the company of a lady Man of Blood. But the homage of Talma, then in the prime of his existence, and bent on in ducing her to divorce her husband and marry different; though she steadily refused to seek and now, at the age of ninety, not only in full for a diverce; and she even, in her desire to the great tragedian of an attachment which she was not in a position to reciprocate. left the Paris stage for several months, and undertook a round of provincial engagements, in the hope that her absence would suffice to cure her illustrious adorer of his passion.

This hope, however, was destined to prove illusory; and an incident which occurred soon after the actress's return to Paris, brought their mutual affection to a crisis.

Madame Petit Vanhove was acting one night heroine is run away with, when the clumsy actor who performed the part of the lover, carrying off the lady, made a false step, and fell, not only sadly bruising the latter by his weight, but driving the whole length of a great tre with which he was associated, and the pin into the bosom of the unfortunate heroine, who was carried fainting from the stage to the doctors. Surgeons and friends clustered round to have been a woman of more than ordinary her; the pin was extracted, but the wound would not bleed.

"The wound must be sucked!" cried one of the doctors in a loud voice, "it is the only way of escaping the danger of such a hurt. Talma!" he continued, "I think you will be able, without repugnance, to render us this service. But, be quick, mon ami; it is the only means of saving her!"

Talma, pale and agitated, did not hesitate to render, to her whom he loved, the service demanded. He saved her life; and thus acquired an imprescriptible right to her heart and

The lady's scruples being thus vanquished at last, she sought and obtained a divorce; and on the 16th of June, 1802, Francois Joseph Talma, and Caroline Vanhove, were married, after eight years of hopeless affection, at the nairie of the 10th arrondissement of Paris.

For many years this couple, apparently so the incapacity of Talma to avoid running into his appearance hailed with enthusiasm whereever he showed himself, Talma was constantly in receipt of a large income. His wife, whose salary was equal to her husband's, and whose capitals, were paid at the same rate as her husband's, exerted herself in vain to induce the portraying, and the scenery and objects suggreat actor to moderate his expenditure. Not gested by the poet's thought. only did he expend immonse sums in furniture and costumes for the stage, keep open house and an ever-spread table for all his friends, and bestow aid on people in difficulties with a royal admirable apparent simplicity of perfected generosity, he was also a victim to the mania of building and rebuilding to an utterly ruinous extent. Among other instances of his and emotions of her youth, you could not bepassion for brick and mortar his widow cites the following anecdote:

When the celebrated English actor, Kemble, was expected in Paris, Talma proposed to give him what he called "a suitable reception," to her hands being unable to support the weight with terror, that this determination would lead to new and heavy expenses.

And so it proved. Talma was determined to change everything in the apartment he occu- lived all the companions and associations of

"I intend," said he, "that the actor whom with dignity the first actor of England. I will by emperors and kings, and enjoying all that ing-rooms, one of which shall be decorated and

"But we have only one drawing-room!" ex- human destinies and on earthly things!

and so rapid was her progress, that she was me chere omie; it is quite large enough. Be admitted to make her debut, when scarcely sides, we will knock down the wall at the farther end, and take in the corridor beyond, It is asserted, by the critics of that day, that which will give us ample space for the second But mind you don't persist in worrying me

The work of demolition was comm re-construction incessantly, day and night, and This successful commencement of dramatic promising handsome largesses to the workmen it was just possible that the remodelling of the completed in a couple of months.

completed in a couple of months.

But Kemble did not wait so long; at the end of a week he arrived; and nothing could be done but to replace, with all possible haste, the woodwork that had been removed from the parlor, and to eweep out the mortar and shavings from the dining-room. The most celebrated authors and actors of the day were invited to the dinner thus hastily improvised in the midst of the demolitions; nor does the end of the demolitions; nor does the counties are yet to be heard from.

Minnersa.—Returns from 25 counties give 2716 Republican majority. To connties yet to heard from, which in 1857 gave 846 Republican majority. The St. Paul Times says that the Republicans have a majority of 7 in the State Senate, and 30 in the House.

Rowa Electron.—Chicago, Oct. 18.—Returns from 25 counties give heard from, which in 1857 gave 846 Republican majority. The St. Paul Times says that the Senate, and 30 in the House.

Se which she threw herself with all the energy of of a week he arrived; and nothing could be her nature; a career which she quitted, in the done but to replace, with all possible haste, her popularity, compelled to this step by an parlor, and to sweep out the mortar and shavaffection of the larynx that defied the skill of ings from the dining-room. The most celebickerings, and difficulties, which vited to the dinner thus hastily improvised in room so different from that which Talma's ful as that of Caroline Vanhove, and in which she workmen had been ordered to prepare for his

All the domestic difficulties of this artistic couple did not, unfortunately, terminate as appears to have appreciated her equally as an well as this one. Courted on all sides, and exposed to the seductive manœuvres of the talked about, but never practised.

In her nineteenth year, the young and popu- fairest and most captivating dames of his day, lar actress was married by her friends to a man Talma's infidelities to his wife met with less tolerant forbearance than his wasteful ex penditure, although the latter absorbed the and herself no sympathy ever existed; and not large income resulting from their joint lators. The sunny days that followed their union, she inspired a violent passion not only marriage were succeeded by storms and disasin the savage breast of the redoubtable Dicta- ters; and at length they separated. They were reconciled, however, previous to the Madame Talma subsequently married the

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and has now again been for many years widow. She has written a book on the art of which she was formerly so distinguished an ornament, abounding in useful advice to these who are studying for the stage; together with some interesting anecdotes of Taima, and a brief notice of the life and labors of her father, to whom she was tenderly attached, and whom memory she cherishes with the utmost affect tion. Madame de Chalot is small, with regular features, and a complexion which must once have been very fine. Her eyes are still bright, and her face, when animated, light up with a vivacity of expression which at once takes thirty years from her appearance. She has all the case and aplomb of a woman who has mingled widely with the world, and has been accustomed to receive the homage and adulation addressed to "the queens of the drawing-room;" in a play of Collet d'Herbois, in which the her glance, especially, so calm, piercing, and one who has played an active and authorita tive part in the conventional sphere of social existence. Her voice is still clear, pure, and senerous; her diction remarkably beautiful. Every word comes from her lips simply, without effort, yet so perfectly enunciated that it eems to present, as it were, a chiselled outline to the ear. It was not without some persuasion that the survivor of three generations was induced, by our charming hostess, the Countess 6- de C- to give us sample of her declamatory power; but yielding at length to the united entreaties of all present, she rose, and resting slightly on the back of a chair, she recited the fam between Arsino and Celimene, in the 3rd act of Moliere's Misanthrope. The delicate shading with which every point in this subtle duel of words was brought out, the grace, keenness, irony, and earnestness of her delivery, were beyond all praise; and elicited the warmest expressions of admiration from the auditory. La Fontaine's beautiful fable of "The Two Pigeons," was next recited with admirable dramatic power, yet with such apparent simplicity and spontaneousness, that, in listening to her, you could hardly believe that you could not de as much by simply opening your mouth. Afwell-assorted, were exceedingly happy, despite ter this, Madame de Chalot gave us tragic scenes, in which her marvellous power of word. debt. In high favor with the Emperor, and painting was perhaps even more apparent; her gestures, the expression of her features, and above all, the flexibility and pathos of her voice-(it was to this lady that the famous remark "she has tears in her voice" was first engagements, in the provinces, and in foreign applied)-all conspiring to render visible to your mental vision, both the passions she is Once or twice, only, the lady's memory failed

her for an instant; but speedily recovering the train of thought, she proceeded with the same art, to the conclusion of the scene.

To see her while inspired with the thoughts lieve her to be either old or feeble; yet she had to be supported to and from her seat by four people, and it was necessary to place a table before her when tea was served round even of the delicate little porcelain cup.

What a singular comment on the frailty and mutability of mundane affairs was afforded by the presence of this aged lady, who has outher youth and of her maturer days : who, after sharing the triumphs of the stage with its mos world, of which she was formerly the idol, and, tended by strangers, to whom, in default of other heirs, she will probably leave her fortune! striking and impressive practical illustration of the "Sic TRANSIT" so clearly written alike on

POLITICAL NEWS.

POLITICAL NEWS.

Pennsylvania.—The Opposition, or People's Party, have carried the State by a decisive majority—supposed to be about 20,000. They have a large majority in both branches of the Legislature—which elects a United States Senator to fill the place of Mr. Bigler (Dem.) In Philadelphia the People's Party are successful by over three thousand majority—the majority for Mann for District Attorney being 3.385 over Kneass (Dem.) They also elect 385 over Kneass (Dem.) They also elec two State Senators, and ten out of

two State Senators, and ten out of the seventeen representatives.

Onto.—The Republican majority for the State ticket is said to be about 17,000. The Senate will be composed of 25 Republicans, and 10 Democrats, and the House of 64 Republicans, and 40 Democrats.

ISPASA.—The returns from this State are as yet few and meagre.

Massacheserts.—The Americans of Massachusetts have decided not o nominate State officers.

MINESSOTA.—Returns from 25 counties give 4,716 Republican majority. 7 counties yet to

CALIFORNIA Drivis,-Other duels are likely Camponna Drus,—Other duels are likely to follow the late Brederick duel in Californialt is reported that, on the 19th ult., at San Andreas, a duel was fought between Dr. Peterson Goodwyn, Judge Terry's friend, and Col. Wm. Jeff. Gatewood, with rifles. At the first fre Dr. Goodwyn fell, mortally wounded, and died about two hours after.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. - A thing much

suppose money been so suppose their w The clists all were ne outrage ill-used Secret one of Comported tain, on Grays, of

Sharp's of the M Chicopes quantity of spear poles, a the use c shovels, thus pro vided for letter that heser How a farm, with They ar through clocalities, bu localities the arriv were gree The in

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INSURRECTION AT HARPER'S FERRY.

An insurrection seems to have broken out at Harper's Ferry, Va., on Oct. 17th. A body of men variously stated at from 250 to 700, and designated as composed of whites and negroes, have taken possession of the whole town, selsed the united States armory and pay office, undertaken to arrest the railway trains, cut the telegraph wires, posted a force at the bridge to stop the passage, and done other things of the same kind. The cause of this is not known, but a suggrestion is telegraphed that a contractor had absconded, leaving the workmentagely in arrears with their pay, and that in revenge they had formed themselves into an erganized force to plunder the U. S. pay office of the money thought to be there. About one hundred negroes participate in the affair, according to one account, by compulsion. The rioter are armed with rifes and other arms taken from the U.S. Arsenal, obey a leader named S. C. Anserad, expect reinforcements, and are well to the same in the capture of Cook. A large number of armed men are now scouring the mountains in pursuit of him. INSURRECTION AT HARPERS FERRY.

An insurrection seems to have broken out at Harper's Perry, Va., on Oct. 17th. A body of men variously stated at from 250 to 700, and designated as composed of whites and negroes, have taken possession of the whole town, selised the united States armory and pay office, undertaken to arrest the railway trains, cut the telegraph wires, posted a force at the bridge to stop the passage, and done other things of the same kind. The cause of this is not known, but a suggestion is telegraphed that a contractor had absconded, leaving the workmen largely in arresrs with their pay, and that in revenge they had formed themselves into an erganized force to plunder the U. S. pay office of the money thought to be there. About one hundred negroes participate in the affair, according to one account, by compulsion. The rioters are armed with rifles and other arms taken from the U. S. Arsenal, obey a leader named S. C. Anderson, expect reinforcements, and are well disciplined. Great excitement prevails at Richmond on account of the news, and the tovermor of Virginia has made military preparations to subdue the tumuit. The War Department at Washington has also sent three companies of troops from Fort Mource, besides a company of marines, commanded by experienced military officers.

Other rumors, together with later accounts, give the affair another complexion, referring it to the abolitionists. According to these statements, the insurrectionists are commanded by Captain Brown, of Kansas notoriety. The rioters are represented as strongly posted in an engine-house, with prisoners. Engagements between the troops and the insurrectionists are said to have taken place, and several persons are reported killed. At present we have no reliable accounts of the matter, and wait for further news.

LATER.

LATER.

THE ARSENAL STORMED—CAPT. BROWN AND, SON SHOT—ISSURRECTION PUT DOWN.

Sox Short—Isosenser-Carr. Johns Sox Short—Isosenserneros Per Dows.

A telegraphic account, dated the 18th, says that the U. S. marines stormed the Arsenai. Capt. Brown and son were shot. The former said his object was to free the slaves—that he was the famous Kausas Captain Brown. He laid claim to credit for the moderation he had shown during the revolt—claiming that he had respected females, private property, &c. A number of citizens of the vicinity, and of persons connected with the revolt, &c., have been killed. Whether there are other bodies of insurrectionists still in arms, is undecided. Harris Perr's Perry is reported quiet. Captain Brown had rented a farm about four miles from that place, where the plot was concected.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

place, where the plot was concected.

FURTHER PARTICULARS.

Later reports would seem to show that the whole proceeding was almost of an insane character. All the prisoners agreed in the following statement of Aaron Stevens, one of their number. The reporters found him a large and exceedingly athletic man; a perfect Sampson in appearance. He was in a small room filled with excited and armed men, who more than once threatened to shoot him, while he was grouning with pain, but answering with composure and apparent willingness every question. He said he was a native of Connecticut, but had lately lived in Kansas, where he knew Captain Brown. He had also served in the Intel States army. The sole object of the attempt, he said, was to give the negroes freeden, and Brown had represented that, as soon as they seized the armory, the negroes would fleek to them by thousands, and would soon have force enough to accomplish their purpose—one for which he would sacrifice his life. But he thought Brown had been greatly deceived.

Tak accounts from Prance, Belgium, and he thought Brown had been greatly deceived. He said preparations had been made for some months for the movement, but the whole force consisted of seventeen white men and five free

do Af-

Manana Onan Pacha.—Among the distinguished arrivals by one of the recent steamers from Europe, is Madame Omar Pacha, wife of the celebrated Turkish commander, who won so many laurels in Silistria. We understand from Europe, is Madame Omar Pacha, wife of the celebrated Turkish commander, who won so many laurels in Silistria. We understand that she has come to reside in this country, at least for the present. Her history is somewhat remarkable. She is a native of Transylvania, and at 11 years of age was sent to behool at Bucharest, where she developed a wonderful genius for music, and at 15 had become celebrated in private circles by the brilliancy of her performances. Omar Pacha was at that time Military Commander of Wallachia, and meeting the young lady at a soirce, was delighted, first with her music, and then with her manners and conversation—became devoted to her, and finally married her. Not sharing at this time the Turkish notions about women, instead of shutting up his wife at home, she was allowed to accompany him in his military expeditions, and composed several pieces of military music, which became favorites with the Turkish army during the campaign. After the war was over the Marshal, yielded to more ambitious views, and conforming to the custom of his country, marrielt the daughter of Hafiz Pacha with whom he had maintained political relations, and directed the young Transylvanian to enter his harem. This, with a good deal of indignation and spirit, she refused to do, but at once sought and procured a divorce from the Marshal, and some two years since repaired to Paris, where she has since resided. She has lived entirely in private, but has published several very popular pieces of music, and has become known in the musical circles of the metropolis.

The accounts from France, Belgium, and Austria, are less favorable for the grain crops, and prices there are slightly higher in conse-

The STOCK MARKET, and the standard of the control o	consisted of seventeen white men and five free	Austria, are less favorable for the grain crops, and prices there are slightly higher in conse-	range of 10 (d) 12c.	in the sale of our LARGE TYPE QUARTO PIC- TORIAL FAMILY BIBLE, WITH ABOUT 1,000	OR,	lower prices than the same character of work can be obtained elsewhere.
THE STOCK MARKET. 1.	negroes.		Of yellow metal, further sales are reported at 20c ?		HEROES OF THE WEST	7
Lange and the second contents of the contents	were engaged in the movement. His two sons	THE STOOK MASKET	to, on time.	NOTICE TO AGENTS.—The season for selling	MILL CARLES MILL DODLOWS MILL DODGE	COM PER MONTH: HONORABLE
Secretary of the control of the cont	were with him-one was killed, and the other	THE STOCK MARKET.	small sales of Western are reported at 48 (a. (the 2) 2)		THE CHASK!—THE WATCH!	DOMEST AGENTS, Local or
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Secretary of the control of the cont		U S 6 pr ct. 19 6 RAILROAD STOCKS	and the market continues at a stand.	proces to commence with, can seem de go (in a re-	best artists and handsomely bound. 12mo. cloth,	stamp to William settled on application with three cent
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The Control to Control	willingly, and in most cases they were forced	County mort 6's 46 90 -70	sales of some 700 tons anthracite, in lots, at \$23;	with. Please address, post-paid, ROBERT SEARS, Publisher		Open daily, from 9, A. M., till 5, P. M., and 7 to
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Set by part of disconting and the control of the Government of the control of the Government of the control of					of nature that the wearer's lass is quite unnoticed.	from a copy of the prescription used Direct to the
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Age amount of money was there, but it was defictively. MAINE. Solve bla. MAINE. MAINE. Solve bla. New HANGERS, described and Pederal jurisdiction. While the same time of the State and Pederal jurisdiction. While the state has deared the same time of the State and Pederal jurisdiction. While the state has deared at the savery and locality, the state has deared at the savery and locality, the state has deared at the savery and locality the state has government in the property, it having exclusives me the public prope	the insurrectionists did not attempt to rob	New York Solv bks dis		OF THE MANUFACTURE OF	60 must be present a marie from distinguished and	
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this country, involving at the same time of the same time	It is said that the affair at Harper's Ferry is	NEW HAMPSHIRE. Solv bks die		PEROPETORY		and tieneral Dability. The comedy was dis-
oth State and Federal purisdiction. While the state is affected as to slavery and locality, the sheral government is interested with regard to the mails. Already, in distinguished quarters, the question of jurisdiction will it is said, claim the prisoners now sold by the U.S. troops, to be dealt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case will, it is said, claim the prisoners now solding to the laws of Virginia. In this case something to the laws of Virginia. In this case solding to the laws of Virginia and the prisoners now solding to the laws of Virginia. In this case solding to the laws of Virginia and the prisoners of principles of the prisoners of principles of the prisoners of principles of the principles of the prisoners of principles of the principle		VERNORS dis INDIANA	St. 22 Cochran A McCall. do S. 25 P. Hathaway	REPOBITORY,	patronage indicate the satisfaction. Falmer a Pa-	covered by him when his outr child, a daugh-
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meral government is interested with regard to the public property, it having exclusive control over the arsenal grounds, independently of the State; also with regard to the mails. Already, in distinguished quarters, the questions for purisdiction is discussed, as Governor all the prisoners now self by the C. S. troops, to be dealt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case to question of jurisdiction will have to be destinated by the question of jurisdiction will have to be destinated by the pudiciary. Bairmonk, Oct. 19.—Last evening a detachment of the market closed quiet whise agent of the market closed quiet whise and sold at \$7 to \$100 Messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets apin of 19 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets apin of 19 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets apin of 19 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets apin of 19 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets apin of 19 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets apin of 19 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 to 1 dis Solv bis. 5 to 1 dis Solv bis. 6 to 5 to 7 messages. ANY PERSON (Lady or Gentleman, in the Case of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distinguished quarters at market seed of the Microscope of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Master Streets. Solv bis. 1 distance of Sixth and Ma	tate is affected as to slavery and locality, the	Councitieur. Solv bks 2; dis	Co. S(55), 28 J Menab, do, 4668j, 18 B Hood, do		Pamphlete, giving full information sent gratists	
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Visitistic of the second particles of the second parti	De Status also mith mount to the trails	RHODE ISLAND. Old bks 22 die	ket, and sold at \$7 to 8,00 \$1 100 the, according to		ALDON A VEAD	free of receipt of their names with stamp for re-
NEW YORK MARKETS. Solv bks j to j dis Wisconsing Solv bks j to j dis Dist. OF CRUMBIA Solv bks j dis OF LS. Stropps, to be deadlt with according to the laws of Virginia. In this case onling to the laws of Virginia. In this case of question of jurisdiction will have to be de- remained by the judiciary. Bairmonk, Oct. 19.—Last evening a detach- ment of the marines, accompanied by some of	Already, in distinguished quarters, the ques-	Solv bks ; die Michigas	quality		82,000 A YEAR.	O P BROWN & Co.
Was will, it is said, claim the prisoners now seld by the U.S. troops, to be dealt with a coling to the laws of Virginia. In this case he question of jurisdiction will have to be described by the judiciary. Solv bks 1 to 1 dis Oct. 19 BREADSTUFFS Flour advanced by the judiciary. Solv bks 2 dis Oct. 19 BREADSTUFFS Flour advanced by flow \$1 to 0 this when the prisoners now seld by the judiciary. Solv bks 1 to 1 dis Oct. 19 BREADSTUFFS Flour advanced by flow \$1 to 0 this when the prisoners now seld by the judiciary. Solv bks 1 to 1 dis Oct. 19 BREADSTUFFS Flour advanced by flow \$1 to 0 this when the prisoners now seld by the judiciary. Solv bks 1 to 1 dis Oct. 19 BREADSTUFFS Flour advanced by flow \$1 to 0 the prisoners now seld by the judiciary. Solv bks 1 to 1 dis Oct. 19 BREADSTUFFS Flour advanced by flow \$1 to 0 the laws of Virginia. In this case of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of Virginia. In this case of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of Virginia. In this case of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of Virginia. In this case of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of Virginia. In this case of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of Virginia and nominally unchanged. Corn buoyant, sales of 14,000 and other similar agents and post of the same of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the laws of the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio. When the sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50/64.65 for Othio When the sales of 14,000	ion of jurisdiction is discussed, as Governor	Vinginia Solv bks 2 dis	NEW YORK MARKETS.	apart I		
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the question of jurisdiction will have to be described and normally unchanged. Corn buoyant, sales send normally unchanged by the judiciary. Canada Can	The same of the comment of the property of the property of the comment of the com	Solv bks dis. TEXAS.	to luc with sales of 14,000 bbls at \$4,50 to 15	3 4 new inventions Agents have made over	to \$7 can enter into an easy and respectable busi-	
Galveston 10 dis Salveston 10 dis Salves	seid by the U.S. troops, to be dealt with ac-	NORTH CAROLINA. Commercial and Ag-	the such as an in the same and	\$75 Bill on one botton than all other similar ages	was been about from \$5 to \$10 can but the se	WASTED AGENTS Of to 01 per day
Baltrmonk, Oct. 19.—Last evening a detachment of the marines, accompanied by some of Solv bks 1 dis key is held at 27 jc. Cawana. \$10,623 for Prime the market closed quiet whis large grate. Solv bks 1 dis key is held at 27 jc. Cawana. \$10,623 for Prime the market closed quiet whis large grate. Lowell, Mass. Oct. 19.—Last evening a detachment of the marines, accompanied by some of Solv bks 1 dis key is held at 27 jc.	ording to the laws of Virginia. In this case	Solv bks to dis ricultural bank	Pork heavy at \$15.12; for Mess and	cies bend four stamps and get 50 pages particu-	BEALISED FOR DEPLICATION, SCHOOL WITH SCHOOL,	readily remitted Enclose a red stamp, but
ment of the marines, accompanied by some of Solv bis 1 dis key is and at 2 per	ording to the laws of Virginia. In this case he question of jurisdiction will have to be de-	(in)veston 10.10.	the state of the s	tare grade Erithaim brown,		
	acid by the U.S. troops, to be dealt with ac- ording to the laws of Virginia. In this case the question of jurisdiction will have to be de- ermined by the judiciary.	CAWADA.	\$10,62; for Prime, the market closed quiet Whis-	411 124		444.4
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Marriage notices must always be accom-panied by a responsible name.

On the 12th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Morion, William H. Fornan, of New York, to Louise, daughter of Louis A. Godey.
On the 18th instant, by the Rev. J. G. Marwell, Homach B. Vaushan, to Many L. Krusle.

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KEW YORK HOUSEKEEPING.

Here is a specimen of a dialogue which ocserved one day last week at an intelligence Mos in Sixth Avenue :

Lady-Your name is Margaret, I believe. Do a understand plain cooking Cook-Yes'm, should think I did ; that's my

Lady-Well, I like your appearance, and hould be giad to engage you Cook-Whereabouts do you live, mem ! Lady-In Thirtsenth street.

don't like to go so far up. Many in the Laty-Only myself, husband, and two chil-

Cook-Other servants, of course. How

Lady-Only the chambermaid-a very pleaant girl-a countrywoman of yours, and a woman who comes to wash every Monday. Cook-Have to do anything besides cook?

Lady-Perhaps go to the door occasionally, and assist in cleaning house on Saturday. Cook (with dignity)-Couldn't do it-tain't my business, mem, to clean house and tend the

or. I'm a cook. Lady (deprecatingly)-Well, I suppose, might arrange that. How much do you want a month to do nothing but plain cooking?

Cook (following up her advantage)-I must have one evening out every week, mem,-Thursday evening.

Lady-(hositatingly)-Yes. Cook-Have bot and cold water !

Lady—Yes, and a range. Cook—English basement house?

Lady (smiling)-Yes, and a high stoop. Cook-You don't make a practice of coming into the kitchen, I hope; I never allows a lady to interfere in the kitchen-their place is the

Lady-(with some resolution)-I must retain the privilege of going into my own

give directions about the dinner, or such like I shouldn't mind that. Husband late to dinmer often !

much company! Lady-Not a great deal.

Cook-Well, I'll come for nine dollars a

menth.

Lady—That's a high price (hesitatingly)— You have recommendations, I presume

did you leave your last place? Cook-You see, mem, I was too good look-

me for the miss Lady (thoughtfully)-Well, I suppose !

must, yes, I will try you at any rate Cook-Oh, you needn't if you don't want

to, mem. They's plenty of places, and (ironieally) I suppose you can get somebody else to Lady-Will you come, Margaret?

Cook (heeitatingly)-Yes I'll try you, at

It is highly probable that in the course of a

of a cook. Poor Places to Lave Av. - There is a place in

Maine so rocky that when the Down Easters. plant corn, they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grass in with a musket; they can't raise ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills een them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way that the sheep can get at the sprige of grass is by grinding their no

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Kastern shore; there the land is so poor that it takes two kildeas to say "kildea;" and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers elimb up a mullen stalk, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the bumble less have to go down on their kness to get at the grass; all the mosquitoes die of

beat that—there the land is so sterile that when animal, quick to grow, and having medium the children to keep them from being blown By breeding the progeny of these sheep to some away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark they have to lean Bakewell has produced the far-famed and justly against the fence; the horses are so thin that takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to held him It is true that he must have practiced the in-

But, oh !-- there is a region in Jorsey, saith Mose Praper, where they held a two week's tendency to impress effectually the desired the churches, because it was anneumosi that a fresh blade of grass had sproutthe southern part of the county. There the natives once murdered a traveller for the sake of half a gingerbroad cake, which he was rumored to have in his pocket, and there, too, they turned a man "out of meeting," because, after a visit to Philadelphia, he reported that while in that city he had had at one time as

present during Divine service in a Scotch kirk, where the worthy minister was in the habit of speaking very loud in the sermon, and, in fact, st to the top of his vaice. The dog-who, in the early part, had been very quiet became quite excited, as is not uncom bark and howl. The minister, naturally much | and was the source whence sprung the superior annoyed at the interruption, called upon the cattle and sheep of Mr. Bakew his readiness to obey the order, but ould not resist the temptation to look up to _the absolute disappearance

PARSTRUTTURAL PREACHING.—An officer of a volunteer corps on duty in the place, and very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to Mr Shirra's church, and walked about as if look ing for a seat, but in fact to show off his drawn which he saw was attracting attention from some of the less grave members of the congre gation. He came to his place, however, rather quickly, on Mr. Shirra quietly remonstrating. "Oh, man, will ye elt down, and we'll se your new breeks when the kirk's dune." This same Mr. Shirra was well known from the quaint, and, as it were, parenthetical com-ments which he introduced in his reading of Scripture, as, for example, on reading from the 116th Pealm, "I said in my haste all mon are liars," he quietly observed, "Indeed, Dauvid, Cook-Dear me, that's a good ways up town an' ye had been i' this parish ye might has said it at your beisure." - Reminiscences of Scotch Life. By Dean Ramsay.

Agricultural.

IN-AND-IN BREEDING.

PROM THE SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR

A new spirit seems to have taken some of the farmers and stock-breeders of the South, within the past year, by aurprise, and not a few have carried this vexed question almost beyond a doubt, and they boldly assert that in and in breeding, and no other, will do for stock-breeders in future, either in this country or any other.

After the valuable dissertation on "Heredi tary Blood in Man and other Mammalia," which has appeared in the columns of the Cultivator, lather yet! many seem to consider the matter of in-and-in breeding as permanently fixed, and that they have at last found the great desideratum so long wanting to complete success in stockbreeding. Dr. Lee took the matter up with a skillful hand, and none will say that he did not handle his subject in a masterly manner. left no stone unturned which would help to throw light upon the subject.

majority of the cases result beneficially ? Lady—Sometimes, I'm afraid.

Lady—Sometimes, morely of small size and very inferior milkersmany unsuccessful attempts were made to improve them. The in and in breeders dare not leave the Devon stock for improvement, and spirited breeder. se who were most venturesome lacked the Gook (handing out a crumpled paper)—that's knowledge of the requisite qualities wanted to my carackter; but I suppose I've as good a make the Devon a finer animal. We undoubt-right to ask for your'n. How am I to know edly owe the present improvement to Mr. Bloomfield, the manager of Lord Leicester's Lady (not noticing the last remark)—Why estate at Holkham. He made a great improve ment in the size and milking qualities of this valuable breed, without materially improving ing when I opened the front door folks took the beauty and form of the animal. He really delicacy of constitution inconsistent with the deserves the great credit and honor which he result? deep colored Durkon bull and ingrafted him occurrence with the human family. I will not week or two that lady will again be in search stop here to note this subject, but if the reader some strange convulsion of nature, or some Cultivator, he will find an article to that effect the whole of this valuable breed. But let me get back again to my from myseif. progeny of these Devon heifers which had been as certainly unsuccessful on the other rved, he bred them to large and finely formed Devons which were little or no relation to each down to us in exactly the same degree of performed Devons of the present day; and for us to keep this stock at its proper standard, it is have been bred in-and-in, although the relacessary for stock breeders to breed in and in, but how close the relationship may exist and not deteriorate the herd, is a question which remains to be proved, and only experience will

As with cattle, so with sheep. Let us take the Bakewell or Loicester, a breed of sheep which have been kept in a certain state of per fection for nearly a century. They were originally the produce of a full sized Romney March starvation, and the turkey bussards have to ewe and a Cheviot—the first a coarse, ungainly animal of slew growth and of very little real But there is a county in Virginia which can value; the other a finely formed but very small of the finest sheep then found in England, Mr. celebrated animals so well known throughout England and this country at the present day and in system—the parent upon the progeny characteristics of the race, and it is certain that even Mr. Bakewell carried the refining system to such an extent as to partially destroy the procreative powers. And he was subsequently diged to introduce new animals to re-invigorate and continue his flock, showing by his own experiments that by carrying the in-and-in system too far, it would ultimately destroy the improvements he had already made in his flock.

But with this is there not another considers Who Basas Iv?-A dog was accidentally | tion? Did not his nice discrimination of the character and qualities of sheep, his choice selections, his pampered feeding and judicious management, all have their bearing upon when he got warmed with his subject, of bringing this breed to a state of perfection? We should emphatically say, Yes!

The breading from too close affinities, though it may have many advantages, to a certain exn with some dogs when hearing a noise; tent, in the hands of skillful breeders; though and from whining and whining, as the speaker's it may be pursued until the excellent form and loud and strong, at last began to quality of a breed is developed and established, og; and he at once ex- extent, the Short Horns of Mr. Colling; yet, to it, also, must be traced the speedy degeneracy cester cattle, and in the hands of many agriculthe new Leicester or Bakewell sheep.



NEW USE FOR THE MICROSCOPE-INTERESTING TO YOUNG MEN.

SCIENTIFICALLY INCLINED PARENT .- What are you about with my microscope, George ? GEORGE.--I've just been shaving, father; and I want to see if there are any hairs in the

culturalist. The principle on which he seemed cessful one. Some of his cattle were extraor-But here a question arises among the mass of a system (in-and-in); but he had a large stock

of the present Devon Stock. They were for- ter or Bakewell cattle? Where are they to be became veined with red or violet tints; the found? It was a bold and successful experi- violets became covered with irregular spots of ment and seemed, for awhile, to answer the a blueish or almost black tint. Many persons

equalled by few, and it enabled the long horns to contend, and often successfully, with the heaviest and best of the middle horns. But no sooner had the master spirits of the day disappeared than the character of the breed began. imperceptibly, to decline. It had acquired a common management and keep, and it began has received. But how did he accomplish this slowly and undeniably to deteriorate. Many He took a finely formed, good sized of them had been bred to a degree of refine ment that the propagation of the species was with some large and superior heifers (of the not always certain. The breed itself gradually Devon breed) that their after progeny might diminished, in some places it almost disappartake of the bull which first served them, a peared. The reader may scarcely give credit case by no means uncommon with cattle, one to the assertion, but it is strictly true, that in very perceivable in horses, and to some extent 1833, there was not a single improved Leicesamong sheep and swine, and not an uncommon ter on the Dishly farm : nor a dozen within a circuit of as many miles. It would seem as if will refer to one of the back numbers of the murderous pestilence had suddenly swept away

Thus we can see, that while this same man subject. Mr. Bloomfield, then, with the after was eminently successful on one hand, he was

Mr. Bakewell's breed of sheep has handed other. By this means he produced the finely fection as when he left them, and during the century since he left them. This race must tionship existing between the dam and sire. have been tens of generations apart; and where such genealogy exists between any two animals which may be used for breeding purposes, can we, with strict propriety, call

Although some of the most decided improve-

breeding in and in. In some cases, where there is a marked superiority in any race of animals which it is wished to retain, a cross with a race less perfect in some respects, perhaps, but more vigorous, making, what breeders call a strong cross, and then breeding directly back to the favorite blood, has been very successful. But when the progeny are designed for breeders, the practice of in-and-in breeding should be branded with unqualified

Edge Sold Instruct S. C. June 1859.

THE REPRES OF CHARGOAL ON FLOWERS. - About a year ago I made a bargain for a rose-bush of magnificent growth and full of buds I waited for them to blow, and expected roses worthy of such a noble plant, and of the praises be stowed upon it by the vendor. At length, when it bloomed, all my hopes were blasted. The flowers were of a faded color, and I dis- times, or at least till what we say has some overed that I had only a middling multifloru, effect upon our countrymen, that a pound of stale-colored enough. I therefore resolved to lean, tender, juicy mutton can be produced sacrifice it to some experiments which I had in for half the cost of the same quantity of fat view. My attention had been captivated with pork; that it is infinitely healthier food, espethe effects of charcoal, as stated in some Eng- cially in the summer season, and those wh lish publications. I then covered the earth in cat it become more muscular, and can do more the pot in which my rose-bush was about half work with greater case to themselves than those an inch deep with pulverised charcoal. Some who eat fat pork. We know nothing more dewhich bloomed, of as fine a lively rose color as South Down breeds of sheep. Venison itself I could wish. I determined to repeat the ex- is not superior .- American Agriculturalist.

Mr. Bakewell was a master spirit in breeding, periment; and, therefore, when the rose-bush and, it cannot be denied, produced a breed of had done flowering, I took off the charcoal, and cattle worthy the efforts of such a skillful agri- put fresh earth about the pots. You may conceive that I waited for the next spring im-He to act, was novel, bold, and, for a time, a suc- patiently to see the result of this experiment. When it bloomed the roses were, as at first, dinary illustrations of the harmlessness of such pale and discolored; but by applying the charcoal as before the roses stock breeders, will in and in breeding always, on which to work; a veil of mystery was rosy red color. I tried the powdered charcoal ensure success, and give the desired end at all thrown over the most of his proceedings, and likewise in large quantities upon my petunias, times, and under all circumstances? or will the no one knew his occasional deviations from this and found that both the white and the violet Let rule, nor his skillful interposition of remoter flowers were equally sensible to its action. It always gave great vigor to the red or violet But what has now become of the new Leices- colors of the flowers, and the white petunias most sanguine expectations of that skillful and who admired them thought that they were new varieties from the seed. Yellow flowers are, as In districts in which experiments were carried on, it established a breed of cattle uncharcoal.—Paris Horticultural Review.

> KERRYG SWELT POTATORS -A writer of the Oskaloosa Herald gives his method of preserving the sweet potato through the winter. His way is as follows: 4 "I use dry sand to put up in-it don't matter how the sand is dried, in a kiln, in a log heap, or in the sun, so it is dry, that is all that is required. I prefer drying in a log heap, as it costs at least four times less, and is just as good. And a family that has a little room with a stove in it, may keep a box or two of eight or ten bushels. without much inconvenience. The boxes must be raised six or eight inches from the floor, and they must not be nearer than four inches to the Fill the box with potatoes, and then put in sand, cover the potatoes with sand. There is a good deal said about kiln-dried sand, but is all fudge. I have also known them kept well in buckwheat chaff. In order to keep potatoes with success, there must be a thermometer kept in the room. The mercury must not sink below forty degrees; if it does, the potatoes will chill and rot; it also must not rise above sixty degrees, or they will grow. I have never lost any of my potatoes only by letting the room get too cold. A thermometer only costs a dollar, and every man ought to have one.

REPRET OF ARTIFICIAL LIGHT ON VEGETATION .-Guardian says: - "Twenty years ago I read in Humboldt's works about some experiments he had made with artificial light on vegetation. the results "in-and in breeding " I should He planted some peas in a box, and placed it is healthy and will retain the natural taste of of a yellow color. He also placed some in a mouth, and is not spoiled by saleratus, cream ments have been made by following the sys- room where daylight was entirely excluded, tem of in and in breeding, yet it has only been and suspended a lamp so that the rays of light hands of the ordinary breeder it is sure to run sunlight. This year I have tried experiments will seldom fail. out a stock, degenerating them rapidly, rep. on the same subject. I planted vegetables in "If people would eat this kind of bread and the females of little value as nurses or over which I suspended a paraffin oil lamp, stemach, headache and dyspepsia. with a reflector to throw the light upon the s of the same variety of animals, but of green. I have also lighted a greenhouse with another family, have made the best animals; lamps every night, and find it not only inand such a course is to be preferred to the creases vegetation, but gives a beautiful deep tinge to the plants."

Gravo. - A bushel of guano mingled with an ex-cart load of good, moist muck would form a valuable manure. It depends upon circumstances whether it would be wise for you to use If you have exhausted your manure hears, and have land at a distance from your building that you are quite desirous of bringing up, we have no doubt your crop would be sufficiently benefitted by the muck and guano to pay the cost of application. The great advanage, however, to be gained in the use of guano is to cover the land, if possible, with a crop of grass, and thus fill the starved soil with grass roots which supply it anew with vegetable matter. You then have a basis to proceed upon in getting future crops.-W. E. Farmer.

MUTTON.-We mean to repeat a thousand tonished to see the roses, licious than smoked mutton-hams, of the

"He placed on a broad shelf in the warmest part of a green-house, near the glass at top, various kinds of pears, as soon as they were gathered from the trees out of doors; and likewise some near the front sashes; the fruit was thus exposed to heat and sunlight, and the improvement in flavor, as regards some variewas most remarkable; the following kinds were more especially improved-Louise Bonne, of Jersey, Beurre d'Amalis, Eyewood, Glout Morceau, Winter Nells, and Gansel's Bergamot. The Louise Bonne was growing in a shaded

RIPENING PRAIS .- At a meeting of the Lon-

don Horticultural Society held in February H. O. Carre, Esq., of Val Nord, Guernsey, fu

nished the results of experiments he had made for improving the flavor of pears in the process

of ripening under glass by extra heat and

situation, and the fruit in consequence was pale and comparatively watery in quality, but placed as above it became of excellent flavor, although a little shrivelled from the loss of superabundant watery juice. The Winter Nelis, Mr. C. stated, was improved to a very

He intends to presecute his experiments and from his success last season, he is led to believe that in many parts of England, where pears do not ripen well, they may be rendered much more melting and sugary by adopting the plan of exposing them to light and heat. when gathered, than if kept in the ordinary way. The committee were of opinion that, as the subject was of great importance, Mr. Carre's plan should be made known and recommended for trial in this country.'

THE CALIFORNIA VINEGAR PLANT .- Dr. E. J. Coxe has favored us with a bottle of a beverage tasting like spruce beer, made from a plant handed him by a lady from Texas, and originally from California, where it is known as the "vinegar plant." By mixing a certain quan tity of water and molasses or golden syrup with a small portion of the plant, in a bettle, well corked, in a few hours, the beverage above mentioned is produced. Allowed to sour, it becomes good vinegar. Its strangest quality, however, is that it feeds on the syrup and water, and grows with such rapidity as to furnish an inexhaustible supply. Dr. Coxe informs us that from the small portion of the plant handed him only a few weeks ago, thousands of bottles of agreeable beverage have been made, and used in many families, and still the plant grows on its simple food in such quantity as to furnish all who wish for it. Dr. Coxe says it is harmless and possesses no intoxicating qualities. We tasted the beverage last night; and if not otherwise informed would have thought we were sipping the ordinary spruce beer, familiar to every one .- New Orleans Picayune

Useful Receipts.

BREAD WITHOUT YEAST, SALERATUS, &c .- A writer in the Mass. Ploughman tells how to make healthy bread of flour and water and a little salt, and no yeast, saleratus, cream of tartar, or any such vile soap making stuff. She "Take as much milk-warm water as you says: will want to make your batch of bread, and salt it about twice as salt as you would if you were going to mix the same quantity into sale ratus bread. Stir in flour enough to make a paste about as thick as griddle-cake dough. Put this paste into a tin pail and set the pail into a pot of warm water on the stone hearth where the water in the pot will keep about milk-warm all the time. This will give the paste an even temperature.

"In four or five hours the paste will rise and foam like yeast. Then turn it into your mixing pan and mix in flour enough to make your dough for bread, and mould it into your pans ready for baking. Set the pans in a place, under or about the stove, and cover them over with a clean cloth or paper and le it rise, which will take about two hours, and A correspondent of the Manchester (England) as soon as it is fairly raised put it into a hot oven and bake it quick and thoroughly.

"You will have the lightest, whitest, and sweetest bread that can be made, and bread that in a dark room, and when grown up they were a handful of wheat when chewed in your of tartar, yeast powder, and such like drugs.

"If you do not put the salt into the water done by the most judicious selections, and the from it would fall upon them; they grew up you will fail to get a good rise about nine times exercise of cautious judgment, while in the as green as though they had been exposed to out of ten, but follow the directions and you

"Observing recently a case of death caused by hemorrhage from the extraction of a tooth, the following should be universally known as an infallible remedy: Make plaster of Paris into the consistence of soft putty, and fill the cavity. It will soon become solid plug.

How to KEEP MILK .- I never argue this question with man or woman, if they do not know that milk can be kept with all the cream in it. as it is when first drawn from the cows ; but I triangular tract of land ' & will tell you how it is done. You all know that if you can prevent the cream from rising the milk will be more palatable and healthy, with the particles of cream mixed through it than skim milk, or than milk fresh from the cow, with the fresh taste and odor. To prepare milk in this way, take it while warm from the ow, set it in a cool place, and stir it continually until all the animal heat is out, and no cream will rise after that operation. Try it, and see how much it will be improved for family non.- A. B. Dickinson, in Country Gen-

RECIPES FOR LEMON PIES.—One large, fresh emon, grated fine—the pulp rinced in half a tumbler of water-yolks of 4 eggs, beaten thoroughly-6 tablespoonfuls of sugar-1 table spoonful of flour, stirred with the eggs—2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, all well beaten together—one crust. Bake until done. Then take the whites of 4 eggs, with 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, well beaten—spread smoothly on -return to the oven until slightly browned. ple—return to the oven until slightly browned.
Or, one lemon, one teacup of sugar, one teacup of sweet cream well stirred. Bake with two crusts. Please try them.—Country Gent.

| Wood. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION—In the property of the property

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 29 letters.

My 16, 27, 24, 21, 17, 7, is a county of Ken-

tucky.

My 25, 12, 19, 17, is a county in Ohio

My 18, 17, 5, 29, is a river in the Eastern States. My 14, 25, 17, 12, is an island on the coast of the

My 15, 6, 1, 26, 17, is an island in the Caribbean Sea. My 20, 8, 17, is a river in Belgium.

of Ireland.

My 5, 2, 28, is a river in France. My 27, 24, 7, 3, 22, is an island of Oceanics My 5, 27, 7, is a river of Switzerland

My 27, 21, 21, 25, 24, is a lake in Austria. My 16. 9. 16. 17. is a town in Italy

My 20, 23, 13, is an island in the Grecian Archive lago My whole was an important event in the history

MINCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

F. D. S. & W. H. P

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. I am composed of 28 letters.

My 8, 27, 21, 20, 4, 16, 27, is the most renowned watering-place in the United States. My 1, 19, 20, 16, 22, 11, 27, is the greatest curiosi

My 16, 2, 16, 16, 23, 12, was one of the candidates for gubernatorial honors in the last Virginia

campaign. My 1, 22, 9, 5, 20, 18, was a prophet. My 6, 14, 12, 17, is often the cause of much ser

My 8, 6, 10, 20, 11, 14, 1, 16, is a disgusting pract

My 24, 27, 18, 28, was the exclamation of the crew of the "Pinta" on discovering America. My 25, 17, 13, 16, 15, is a name given to streams

My 6, 7, 8, 4, was one of the greatest artists that ever lived.

My whole is a flourishing railroad in Virginia. larksburg, Va.

CHARADE.

WEITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first oh, how shall I express What language ne'er explains Ah, no, let Annie's eyes confess Where its warm influence reigns

My second in a leathern case, And fraught with thoughts of love, Hies hither and thither to many a place-Lord Capid's carrier dove

My whole the softest language speaks That fancy can impart,
And paints with blushes Annie's cheeks. And triumphs o'er her heart.

Naples, Scott Co., Ill J. SIMMONS

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. My first is a consonant ;

My second is an exclamation of surprise My third is an article of beverage ;

My whole is a river in France Cumberland Valley, Pa. A. SMITH

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY BYENING POST. My first dwells in the mountain eavern, Goes forth on the ocean's wave.

Is known in every land and nation, And found in the savage's grave My next go forth to meet each other, In formidable array. And call upon the "God of Battles,"

To make them strong to slay My whole is a word you hear quite often In the sanctuary used ; It hath a very goodly meaning:

But I fear 'tis oft abused. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Wishing to measure a tract of land which lay in the hape of a scalene triangle, I commenced at the or eastern angle, and measured the shortes side, and found its length to be 100 perches; I then measured from the second or southern angle to the third or western angle, and found the second side to be 156 perches in length; but, when I came to the third or western angle, I found that I could not dering the males impotent, in many cases, a place where daylight could not penetrate, should not hear so much complaint of sour side, on account of a deep swamp in the line, and tomach, headache and dyspepsia.

To Stop Bleeding.—C. C. Lyon, a dentist of Experience seems to have proved that plants. They have grown up a beautiful dark Maspeth, L. L., writes to the Scientific Ameriran direct to a chestnut tree that stood on the third side; but, there being a great many weeds and briars in this line, I did not measure went back to the southern corner, and struck of from it, at right angles with the second side, to a large maple standing on the third side, not measuring the distance because of obstacles in the way. but when I arrived at the maple I measured th part of the third side between the maple and cheetnut, and found the distance to be 70 perches. who can from these data tell me the area of this

GEOMETRICUS. Serabble Hill, Pa.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a watch dog often larger at night than in the morning' Ans .- Because he is ofter let out at night and taken in in the morning. In what ship, and in what capacity, do young ladies like to engage ' Ane - In court-ship

as marry-ners. How may a man always become four-hand-

ed? Ans .- By doubling his two fists. Why is a miser like seasoned timber? Ans. Because he never gives

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGNA-Now learn a parable of the fig tree : when his branch is yet tender and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh So likewise ye, when yo shall see all the know that it is near, even at the doors. RIDDLE-Wood. MATHEMATICAL QUESTION-18, 20,

his s matt the h nigh Ma rathe

tives look a turn, stand would Poor

of the Jacob.

agreed on his Wel

the ear until t